Surprise!

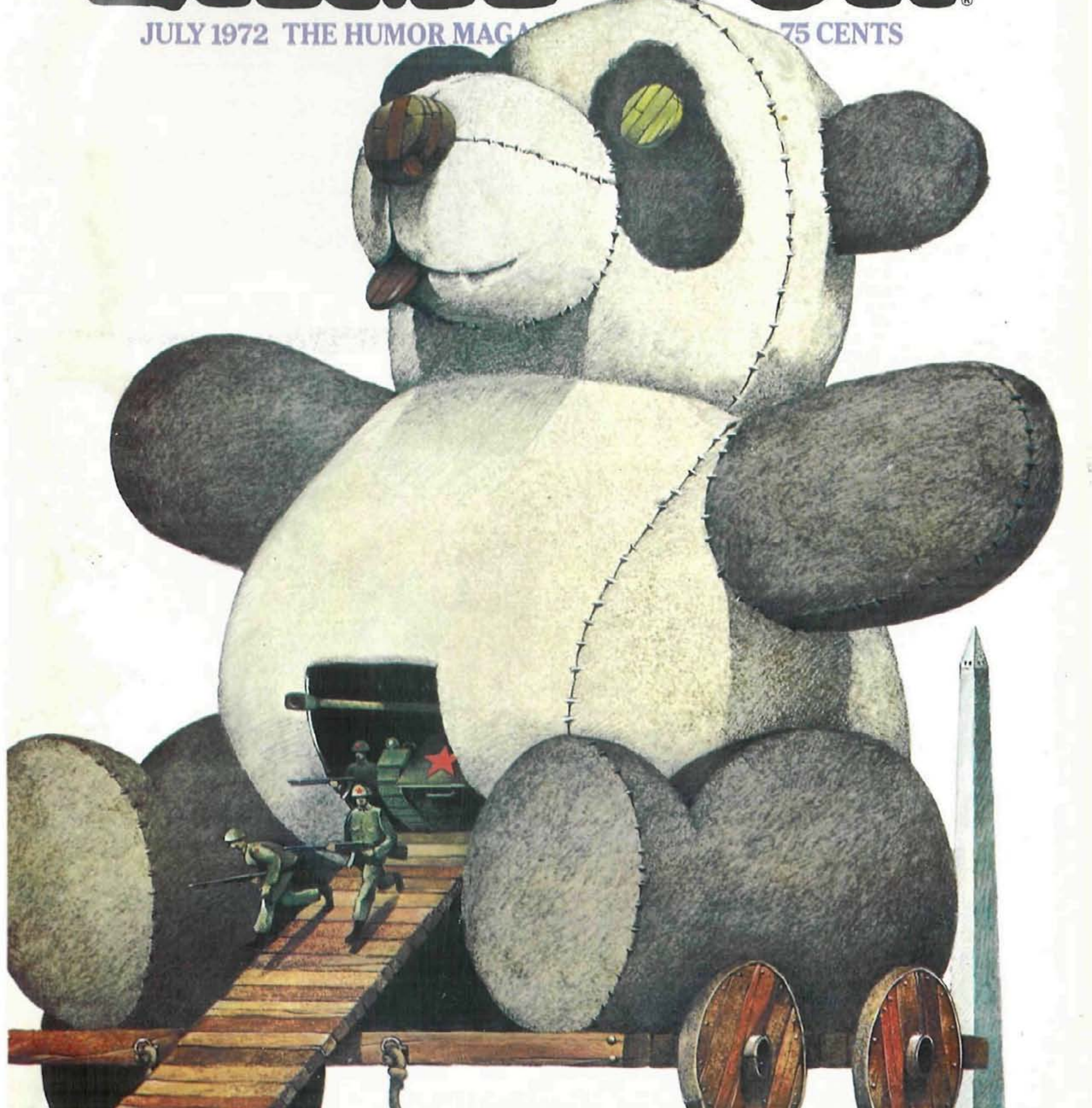
Little Black Book of Chairman Mao How to Be a He-Man

Better Mouth and Saliva Catalog

NATIONAL LAMPOON

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JULY 1972 THE HUMOR MAGA 75 CENTS





P8FT-1005 PKFT-1005

Jack Bonus plays saxophone and flute and was joined on his debut LP by some of San Francisco's finest new musicians.

Jack Bonus wrote all the songs, words and music; sang all the vocals, lead and background; and took care of the arranging and producing as well.

His new album is called "Jack Bonus." (FTR-1005). It's on Grunt Records and Tapes.

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RECORDS TAPES
Manufactured and Distributed by RCA Records

Take an economy trip on our new SX-424. Only $179.95

Unlike other economy AM-FM stereo receivers, you give up nothing — except a high price — with the new Pioneer SX-424.

Never before has Pioneer produced such a low priced high fidelity receiver with so much power . . . performance . . . precision and versatility.

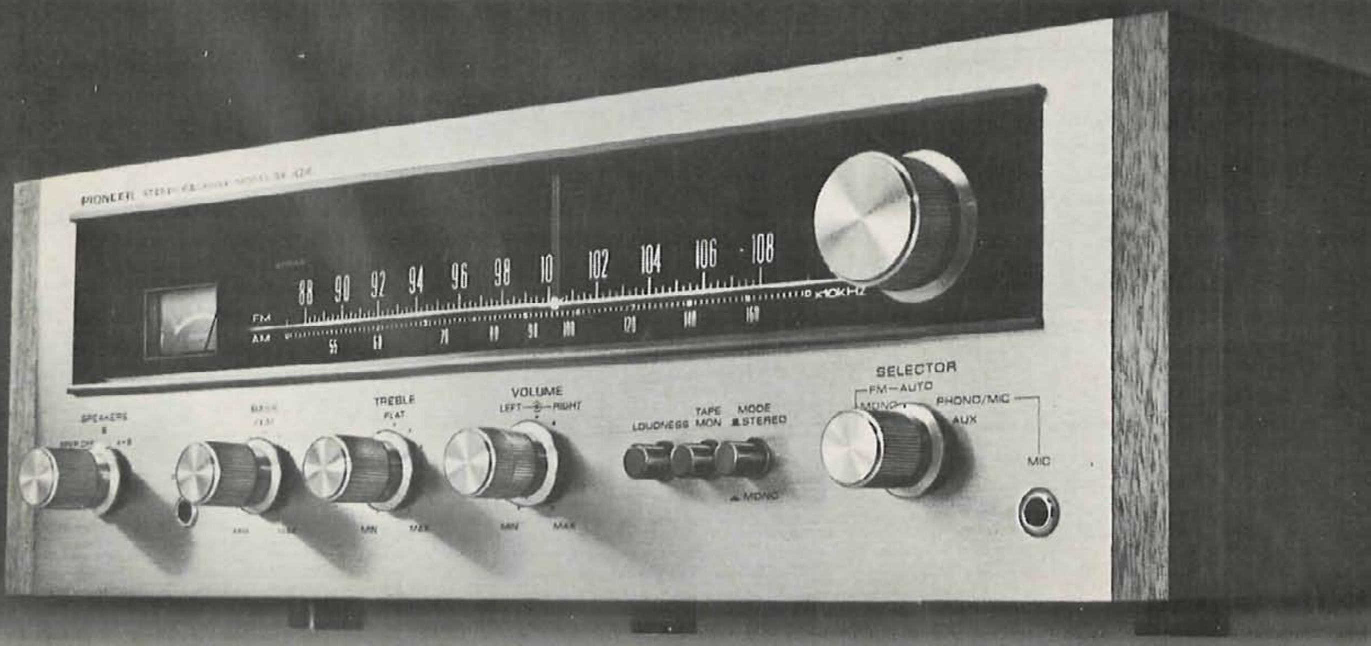
With 50 watts (IHF) of solid music power (12 + 12 watts RMS, at 8 ohms, both channels driven) the SX-424 can drive two pairs of speakers effortlessly. And in areas where there are weak and crowded FM stations, advanced FET and IC circuitry brings them in smoothly and cleanly as though they're just around the corner.

Versatile, you can connect a turntable, a stereo tape deck, a cassette or cartridge tape player, and headphones. You can even plug in a microphone and use the SX-424 as a public address system. And when you're ready, there are connections for 4-channel sound. It's absolutely fabulous.

Don't settle for economy sound because you thought you couldn't afford the real thing. Your Pioneer dealer can assemble a complete, quality stereo system for about $250, using the SX-424 as the central control unit. Great hi-fi doesn't have to be expensive. Pioneer proves it with this new, great-sounding stereo receiver.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

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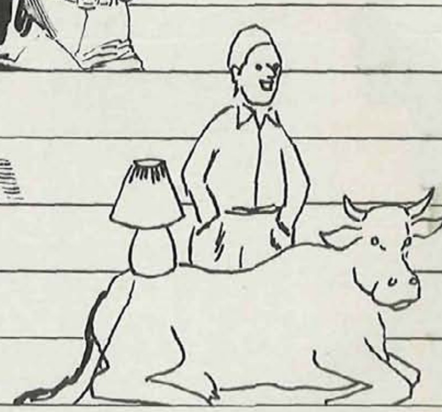


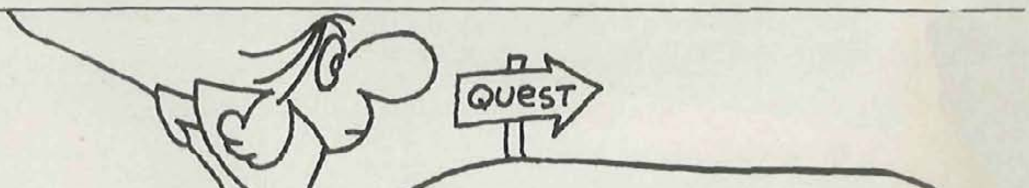
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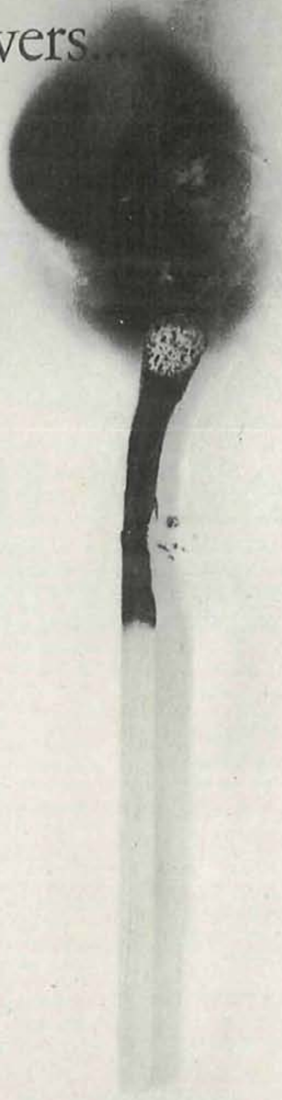




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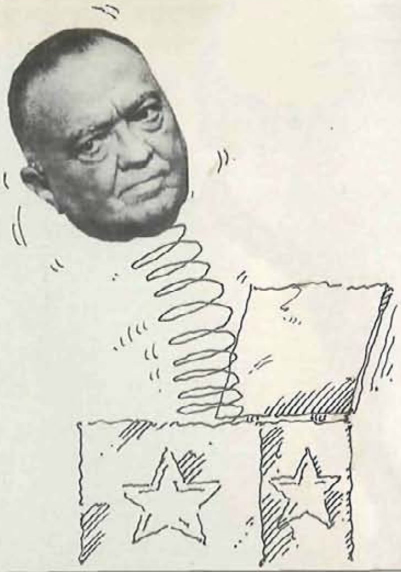
Dan Hicks has probably created a more unique, complete musical universe than any other artist in the history of rock... Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks have cadres of rabid followers...

—Nat Freedland
Billboard





Produced by Tommy LiPuma



EDITORIAL PAGE

There's been a lot of loose talk going around about getting out of the rat race and into your head by harnessing your Alpha waves. Alpha waves, as every wide-awake boy and girl should know, are the heavy vibes emitted by your cerebral cortex during periods of creativity, drug-induced euphoria, or sleep, assuming you can tell the difference. Alpha waves, NatLampCo mystic-in-residence Yogi Berry tells us, can be your key to big Karma and inner peace when combined with the practice of Pinball Zen. Don't waste years of your life freezing your ass in the Himalayas or avoiding bloated dogs in the Ganges when Pinball Zen can bring you fast fast fast release from nagging reality or that awake-all-over feeling that often accompanies common sense.

Pinball Zen takes all the drudgery out of self-realization by combining Eastern wisdom and good old American know-how. Developed in Los Angeles ("Sufi City, U.S.A."), all you need to practice Pinball Zen is the Yogi's patented 35-mm Astral Projector, or "boob cube" ($145.98, Neiman-Marcus). Simply plug this device into any household outlet, attach the alligator clips to your nose and earlobes, and get ready to dig yourself the kwik and easy way!

To aid you in getting your Alpha waves together, here are some free mantras you can croon to yourself: A beautiful woman, when she falls into the water, serves only to frighten the fish. Think of what *Workingman's Dead* would have sounded like if Jerry Garcia had all his fingers. Boy's wad it up, girls fold it. Turtles live longer than you do. Brooklyn is the third largest city in the country. Orgasms cause cancer. Death is your body's way of telling you it's time to slow down. If you can read this, you're too damn close.

Vegetarians! You are what you eat.

—S. & D.C.K.

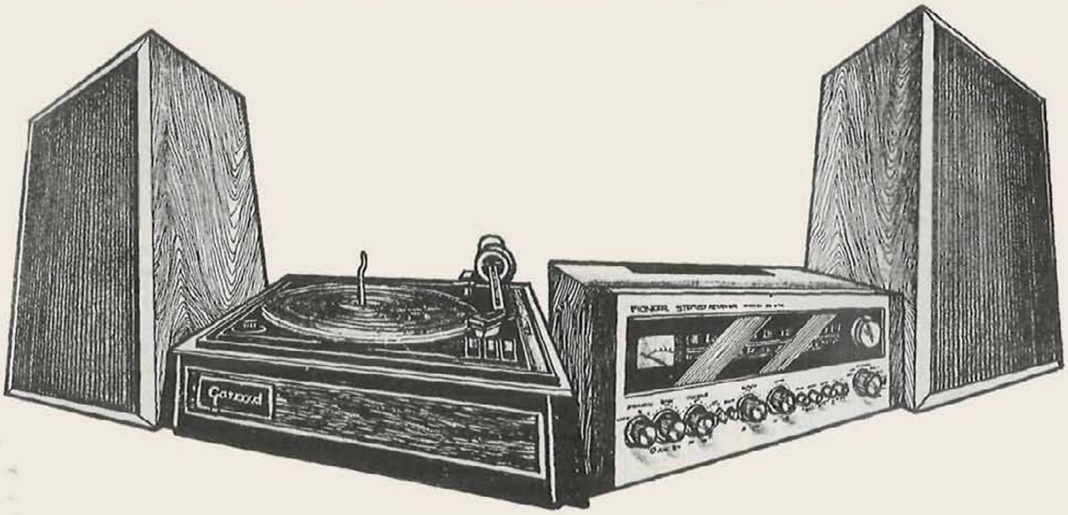
Cover: Once again our own Art Director, Michael "Has Anybody Got an Eraser?" Gross, elbows his way into your home with this month's cover. His last ("Is Nothing Sacred?" January, '72) sold literally dozens after being made into a handsome wall poster. Come to think of it, his career has been looking pretty grim generally, particularly since Frederick's of Hollywood started using photographs instead of free-lance art in their rubber-frock catalogues.

Just kidding, Mike, heh heh.

Eat me.

New York: Doug Bornstein, Eastern Advertising Manager, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 688-4070. **Chicago:** William H. Sanke, 1013 Brookside Lane, Deerfield, Ill. 60015, (312) 945-2820. **West Coast:** Barry Grieff, 8920 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211, (213) 659-0915.

This is a great $700 stereo system



We sell it for $449

Stereo Warehouse was created and is run by young people who are well informed and straight forward about what's coming off in the world of audio. Send for our free catalogue, and you'll quickly find that we offer only name-brand, top-notch stereo components and music systems at remarkable savings. On the basis of practical experience, and on the findings of our own thorough testing and evaluation program, we have matched the right components to produce compatible, good sounding systems. We offer single components and complete systems in all price ranges. In essence, we have offered an alternative to those who are dissatisfied with the service, selection, and price of local retail stereo outlets. We're deeply involved in music, and we dig what we're doing. Call—we'll be glad to rap with you on the phone, and all letters are personally answered.

Here we offer a system comprised of the New Pioneer SX-626 AM/FM stereo receiver, the Garrard SL-72B (complete with base, dustcover, and Shure M91E cartridge) and a pair of the new Electro-Voice Model 14 speakers. The total retail price of this system is nearly $700, but we offer it for $449, complete with all connecting cables and 50′ of speaker wire. Sales tax only if you live in California. Substitutions possible. You can see these products selling at any leading stereo shop — and read current rave reviews in audio magazines. You can order this system simply by sending us a cashier's check and this ad, or you can put it on your charge card. Call us, or write and we'll send you our catalogue, literature and complete details, fast. And Free.

THE SYSTEM:

Pioneer Model SX-626, 100 watt, AM/FM Stereo Receiver	$279.95
Garrard SL-72B automatic changer	$ 99.95
Deluxe base and dust cover	$ 13.00
Shure M91E Hi-Track cartridge	$ 49.95
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Sirs:

Really grokked your issue with the David Cassidy cover! Also, I really got into the interview with Michael Jackson and how he doesn't get off behind chicks who want to pet on the first date, and Ralph Gleason's riff on how the System has been fucking up his Social Security checks again. I even dug the record reviews, and the one about how Woody Guthrie ripped off Dylan was right on! I thought the reviewer was kind of out of it saying that Bob's "Try and Catch the Wind" was as good as Neil Young's "Horse With No Name," but it really blew my mind when I realized that Chuck Berry's "Too Much Monkey Business" was just a lame rehash (no pun intended, ha ha) of "Subterranean Homesick Blues"!

But what I really am writing to you about is how come you don't have any advertisements for those little wallet-sized pictures of my favorite rock stars like they do in *Tiger Beat* and *Teen Tunes*? I've been looking for some pix of that dreamy Brian Jones, but I can't find 'em anywhere. Real bummer, too, because I really groove on his jam with Stevie Wonder on "Sticky Fingertips, Part II."

Anyway, if you don't have any pictures, maybe you can tell me what's wrong with my waterbed? I cut a hole in my old mattress and stuck the garden hose in it full blast, but instead of filling up, it just ran out through the little holes in the cloth and seeped into the basement where my pop keeps his power tools, and was he ticked off when he found his chucks all rusted. Grounded for a whole week. Double bummer.

By the way, do you take requests? If you do, I'd like to hear "Handbags and Glad Rags," and please dedicate it to Bobbie. He'll absolutely freak, because that's what was playing on his transistor when he first offered to carry my stash home from school!

Peace and love.

Terrie Scooterpie
Wilmington, Del.

Sirs:

Trouble.

The taxidermist noticed the marks on the body left from the shoulder holster and keeps asking questions about whether my "husband"'s will really stipulated that he be stuffed, on all fours, with a carrot up his ass. He also has mumbled something about seeing his face before somewhere.

I am trying to get him to rush the job in time for the party, but if this geek trips over a *Hoover* vacuum cleaner or something and his peanut brain starts clicking, we can cancel the whole shindig right now or settle for a chicken-liver swan as the centerpiece. *Quel* bore, *n'est-ce pas*?

As for the entertainment, the brass gong, open brazier, and release of bats sounds marvelous, but where on earth do you expect to get enough breaded toddlers? They are harder to find than swordfish nowadays, and if you think you can sucker swells like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor with yesterday's pot-roast, you are dreaming.

Don't forget to send an invitation to the *New Yorker* and to Maxine Cheshire from the *Washington Post*, but *don't you dare* send one to that horrible David Frost person. I am in hearty accord that at least one letter per issue should be especially set aside in order to call him a bloated and inflamed asshole.

It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

Last month you said this was going to be the "Politics" issue, and now you say it's going to be *next* month. This one is obviously thrown together to dupe the unwary while somebody gets his shit together and actually *does* a "Politics" issue for *next* month. Well, this "Surprise" issue really eats it, and so do you.

Julia Child
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

Wouldn't it be keen if, like for kicks just, a whole bunch of readers anonymously sent you way-out folks a whole lot of good dope for free! You know, like it sort of became a tradition that if you have any dynamite shit you always take a little and send it to your favorite editor or writer as kind of like a reward for writing real funny that month (except Beard. He isn't a doper—so maybe his smoke gets divided up?).

I think that would be superterrif and a way for us readers to show our appreciation for all the hard work I do.

A Reader
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Sirs:

I love your magazine to bits, but

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What Does Saturday Review?

If you're not a current reader, you'd never guess.

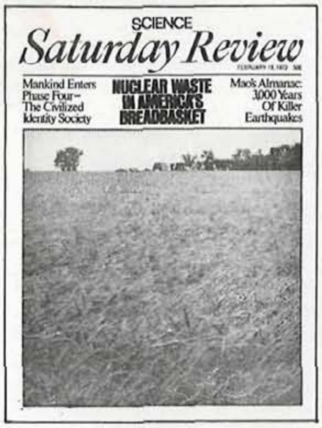
Some people still think of SR as the Saturday Review of Literature, even though we took the "of Literature" off of our name back in 1952.

Today, it would be a misnomer.

Even the "Review" part of our title won't give you a clue to what we are. Ninety percent of what we do doesn't review anything.

Actually, SR is *four* magazines.

Every week, we publish a special issue, in a repeating cycle.



Week one.

The first is Saturday Review of Science.

It is the special that covers science as it needs to be covered.

It will keep you abreast of developments in virtually every field of science.

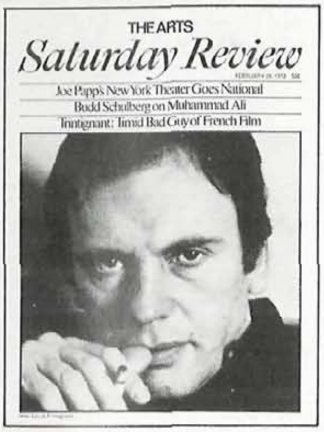
Health and medicine. Psychology Physics. Environment. Sociology. Anthropology. Biology. Chemistry. Computer sciences. Applied sciences. And the ideas and discoveries of the top men in the various fields of science.

Then, there's the Saturday Review of the Arts.

Covering everything from the Mickimaushaus to moog music.

It features eight regular departments: Communications, Art, Music, Film, Theater, Photography, Design, and Architecture.

And it covers books, pop events, television, dance, and the creative and performing arts. Like art itself, it sets no artificial limit on its scope.



Week two.

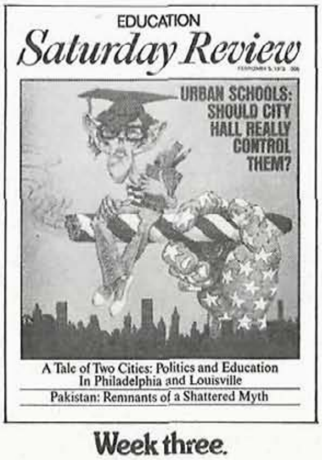
Next comes Saturday Review of Education.

This publication explores the world of learning, and raises fundamental questions about the existing educational system, and the new directions education might take.

It has several editorial departments including Early Childhood, School-Age Children, Young Adults, Continuing Education, Educational Policy, and Educational Materials.

It examines how we learn, where we learn, and what we learn, and relates it to the new requirements of our society.

It does not restrict its attention to schools, colleges, and other formal institutions, because we all are constantly learning outside the classrooms.



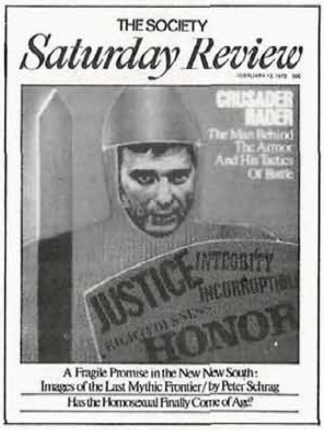
Week three.

It is intensely readable, and very exciting.

Saturday Review of The Society is the fourth SR edition.

This special issue deals with the issues of society: our corporations, unions, and government. Our prisons. Environmental protection groups. Community-run day-care centers. Technology. Jobs. Change. The economy. Welfare. Life styles. Freedom. Politics.

That is Saturday Review.



Week four.

A special issue every week.

In addition, SR continues to publish its regular features: cartoons, puzzles, reviews, editorials, columns, and letters to the editor.

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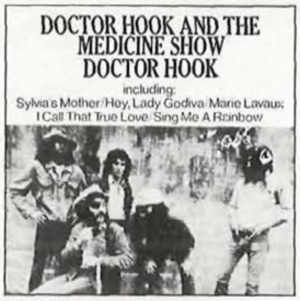
- [x] Columbia
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KC 31170
With their first album, Blood, Sweat & Tears promised you the moon and the stars. As this album attests, they delivered.



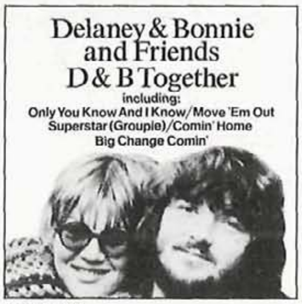
- [x] Columbia
- [ ] Epic

KC 31284
The New Riders are taking a strong stand in favor of jukeboxes, free road-ways, and non-urban non-development. Honest, sweat-stained populism in the name of rock and, by God, roll.



- [x] Columbia
- [ ] Epic

C 30898
Doctor Hook stands just to the right of "Sylvia's Mother" (their hit single) and slightly to the left of their songwriter Shel Silverstein. Doctor Hook favors tearing down the rules and starting over.



- [x] Columbia
- [ ] Epic

KC 31377
The South rises again cheering behind favorite son and daughter Delaney & Bonnie, whose campaign is now head-quartered at Columbia. This, contrary to others' claims, is the politics of joy. As Ed Leimbacher says in *Fusion*, "Another solid album from the Bramletts–but, then, what else did you expect?"



- [ ] Columbia
- [x] Epic

KE 31175
There've been some changes in the Spirit ticket. Keyboard man John Locke and drummer Ed Cassidy have forged a new radical coalition with the Dixie/R&B forces of the Staehely Brothers, and wild-eyed partisans are flocking to them.



- [x] Columbia
- [ ] Epic

KC 31138
A vote for the 1971 Big Sur Festival is a vote for Joan Baez, Taj Mahal, Kris Kristofferson, Blood, Sweat & Tears, and Mickey Newbury. Everybody sang with everybody else, and the mood was mellow.



- [x] Columbia
- [ ] Epic

KC 31171
The new New Deal: Dylan, Arlo, Havens, Collins, Paxton and more in "A Tribute to Woody Guthrie." Part One on Columbia, Part Two on Warner Bros.



- [x] Columbia
- [ ] Epic

KC 31306
With planks like Tom's own "Mother Earth" and Jackson Browne's "Jamaica Say You Will" in this platform, Tom Rush's fans are stuffing ballot boxes through-out the land. Who can blame them?

On Columbia and Epic Records and Tapes

continued from page 6

I am disappointed that you don't run more contests. For example, why not have a competition to see which of your readers has the best dope? All of your readers who smoke dope would send in a little of their best Grade A weed, and after the post office calls up to find out where you want the railroad car, you go over and smoke up a storm. Then the winner gets to come to New York and gets taken to dinner and has his picture taken with Matty and Len and they let him sit behind the desk and work the sharpener and everything. I, for one, would send a lot and hope to win!

Another Reader
Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Just a note to congratulate you on your new service! We here at the Federal Bureau of Meat Inspection have our hands full just trying to grade all that meat. So we were really brought up when you lads offered to take the burden of grading *cannibis sativa* off our hands. We are telling everyone to send their dope *directly* to the *National Lampoon* for fast and efficient analysis of potency and purity.

Once again, we applaud your magazine's unselfish and energetic efforts in the field of dope inspection and quality control.

Hamilton Berger
U.S. Dep't. of Meat & Dope
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Is it tru that if yu put a joynt inna male for the *Nasunal Lambone* that the Dope Fairy will putt a hole kee unner yor pillo reel soon after? Tommy akros the street did an the very nekts morning he got three briks of pure Nairobi red unner his pillo.

Bernie P.
Passaic, N.J.

Henry,

Well, it looks like NatLampCo is out of business. Matty just got another call from the Postmaster General, and he says after what we send through the mails disguised as a magazine, he is reclassifying us "eighth-class mail," i.e., a felony.

I'm sure it's the same clown who's been opening all our mail before it gets to us in New York. You know, the closet doper. It's too bad we don't have some way of stopping him and continuing the humor magazine that our *real* fans like so much they'd part with anything they had, even if it was something they liked themselves very much, to save it. If we could only think of *some way* to keep the creep so high that he can't remember his name....

Peace and love,
Doug

Sirs:

Hey, who was the first carpenter?

Duncan Phyfe
Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

Eve. She made Adam's banana stand.

Teilhard de Chardin
Paris, France

Sirs:

The White House lawn, all Tiparillos® with serial number TP 1047, the parsley at Max's Kansas City, and the potted palms in the lobby of the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco.

Sweet dreams.

Johnny Reeferseed
Yucatan, Mex.

Sirs:

What's "the Great White Hope"?

Clive Barnes
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Sickle-cell anemia.

Nelson Rockefeller
Albany, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hey, look, you kids, that last joke about "the Great White Hope" was really out of line. Usually you fellows are really funny, but sometimes you really go too far. Not that I don't enjoy a salty story or two myself when it is appropriate, but I have always felt that "sick" humor is just that. Sick. Now, you boys have a responsibility to the young people who read your magazine to influence their opinions about today's crucial issues. Don't you think it's time to "grow up" a little and start helping this country get back on its feet? If you do, I promise that, if chosen a second time to lead this great country during these anxious and exciting times, I will publicly eat myself while sliding down a banister that turns into a razor blade.

Thank you.

Richard M. Nixon
San Clemente, Calif.

Sirs:

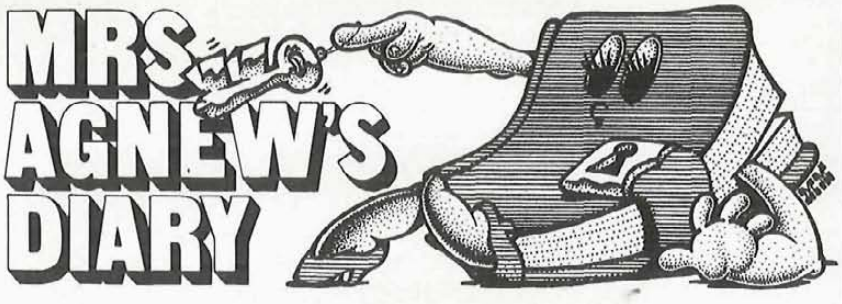
Don't you th nk it's ab ut time to cut out all those j kes ab ut leprosy? I know th t th re are a lot of pe ple who don' th nk havin par s of their body fall off is so funn ! And try ng to type th s with only nine f ng rs isn't any p cn c either!

Father Damien de Veuster
Molokai

Sirs:

Speaking of missed riffs, on that coupon for the Pimple ad in the December issue you forgot to leave a space for the zit code.

Lt. David Eisenhower
Somewhere in the North Atlantic



MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY

Dear Diary,

I've just gotten my first professional writing assignment! Helen Gahagan Brown, the lady who wrote *You Know What and the Single Girl*, phoned this morning and asked me to do an article about marriage for *Cosmopolitan*! Well, it actually wasn't marriage per say that she wanted me to write about—the working title she gave me is *The Vice-Presidential Orgasm: Peeling for a Top Banana*—but I would be a ninny to pass up this opportunity. What she wants is "a wife and mother's personal anecdotes about the responsibilities involved in making a home for the Vice-President and any kinky-weirdo-sickie stuff he likes between the sheets." Particularly she wanted to know if either Spiggy or I do or yell or wear or eat anything special during Orgasm, but I really don't know that much about those Jewish holidays except for Heineken which I think is when they celebrate the killing of Christ except maybe I'm thinking of Roshamon which is I think the day Spiggy told me they go out looking for white girls.

By the way, please forgive what must appear to be a hastily scribbled entry, but when yours truly is lying on the bedroom floor on her tummy trying to work by the faint glow of the night-light, the peas and cues of fine style and correct penmanship (never my strong point—even when I was in bloomers I always forgot how many humps for an *n* or viceroy versa) must go by the board. Not that I am unaware of my literary deficiencies, dear Diary. Mr. Serling used to write me not to let my sentences run on too long ("Brevity is the soul of wit."—R. Serling), so I studied Ernest Hemingway's *The Suds Also Rises* until I could write mean, hard. I actually tried a few personal sketches that way, but what they gained in zip they lost in heart ("I yanked open the rotissimat. It smelled good inside. I make a nifty meat loaf. If I do say so myself. Spiggy does"). But Mr. Ling, the nice man who dusts Spiggy's secret files when Spiggy's at the office, by coincidence also happens to be a writing instructor, so when the Famous Writers School went out of business, Mr. Ling volunteered his services for free! My first assignment was a nonfiction news story about whether our Polaroid submarines could still get the Merv Griffin show after a thermos knuckler holiday, and when I finished it, he said my words float from the page like doves in the gray dawn floating over the Great Wall seeking the Sacred Lotus Patch, and as a reward took a snapshot of the puppy with his wristwatch and promised me a couple of prints when the film gets to Peking. I gave him some extra money so I could get two glossy eight-by-tens—one for Kim if she gets accepted to that methadone program (I *still* don't see what's wrong with Vassar!) and one for Spiggy for Christmas. The puppy chewed up the socks I had saved for his present, so that it's only poetic license.

By the way, you are probably wondering why I'm lying on the floor writing this. Well, I was half under the bed getting you out of your hiding place when Spiggy suddenly woke up and went to the men's room. When he came back after his tinkle, he stepped on me in the dark and I barked, pretending to be the puppy, but then Spiggy got back into bed, pinning me to the floor under the box spring, and I think the puppy is in there with Spiggy, and from the sound of her whimpering, I'm afraid that the puppy is soon to learn one of the first duties of Womanhood.

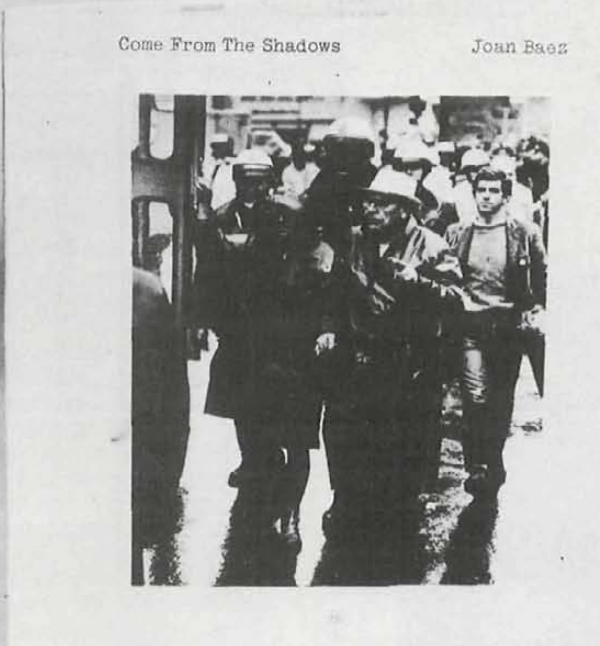
Needless to say, the recent days have been event-filled here in Washington, and the campaign seems to be running everybody a bit ragged. Dick has been running himself ragged trying to tie up all the loose ends since Mr. Hoover's unfortunate death, and the search-and-destroy mission Dick ordered against all his old documents and films (particularly the ones he had taken at Tricia's wedding—as I remember, Mr. Hoover got a hilarious sequence of Spiggy trying to slip Spanish fly into the cake and Pat frantically trying to put saltpeter in the Hawaiian punch. Who says Republicans don't have any fun?). Actually, though, Mr. Hoover's passing away is hardly a laughing matter. Bruce, our part-time bodyguard, was disconsolate for weeks and sobbed in

continued



New music from Joan Baez is a legend in itself.

Prison Trilogy (Billy Rose)
(Joan Baez)
Rainbow Road
(Don Fritts & Dan Penn)
Love Song To A Stranger
(Joan Baez)
Myths
(Joan Baez)
In The Quiet Morning
(For Janis Joplin)
(Mimi Farina)
Weary Mothers (People Union #1)
(Joan Baez)
To Bobby
(Joan Baez)
Song Of Bangladesh
(Joan Baez)
A Stranger In My Place
(Kenny Rogers—Kin Vassy)
Tumbleweed
(Douglas Van Arsdale)
The Partisan
(Hy Zaret—Anna Marly)
Imagine
(John Lennon)



"Come From The Shadows." On A&M Records.
Joan Baez, producer; Norbert Putnam, associate producer

continued

his room and wouldn't even come out for supper, which was rather a Sticky Situation for Spiggy because ever since Dick heard him singing *Hue Hue the Cong's All Here* to President Thieu on the phone as a little joke, Bruce has had to taste everything on Spiggy's plate. Spiggy's sure Dick is going to poison him.

I do not wish, by the way, to appear to think that the terrible situation in Vietnam is a matter for jocularity either. I dropped by Dick's office yesterday as a favor to Bill Rogers to hint around and see if war had been declared yet, but I couldn't find him anywhere until I went to powder my nose and there was Dick sitting on the euphemism. Heh heh good thing you're not a Commie, said Dick, because you certainly caught America with its pants down. How we both chuckled at that one, even though I am sure my face was red as a beet. But then I noticed that Dick's pants were in fact up and the *seat* was down. As a matter of fact, it was Dick's sleeve that was up and he was trying to take a little needle in his arm out and kept saying how he and Hank Kissinger have been hep to acupuncture ever since their trip to China, or at least I think that's what Dick was saying because he seemed a little tired and his tongue sort of lolled out one side of his mouth when he talked. Spiggy told me not to spread that story around because if it were known that Mr. Thieu had given Dick a good smack(!) the papers might make some connection between that and the bombing but I frankly can't see why Dick would promise to bomb Hanoi back to the Stone Age if Mr. Thieu had insulted Dick in such a fashion but Spiggy told me to pipe down and send this Jell-O into Bruce because I think it's ticking.

I suppose everybody on "Capitol Hill" is a bit edgy in an election year, and even David and Julie have been feeling the pressure. Last week they were at Disneyland making a speech for their pop and Julie said the mechanical Lincoln goosed her, hard, right in the middle of the most important part. A lot of Secret Service men held the robot for questioning until David finally fessed up and said he had actually done it and recited a little poem about I see Germany I see France and giggled the way he does when he plays in his nose and keeps some of it when he thinks nobody is looking. I, for one, was looking once, and I won't ever again, at least near mealtimes.

I personally think David is just going through a phase, but Spiggy says a phase means that it's going to be different eventually. Spiggy says that kid is so far gone that when the Navy said they'd take him because they really needed the new missile ships they first insisted that someone tattoo his name and address on the soles of one of his feet in case he gets out of his own special "war room."

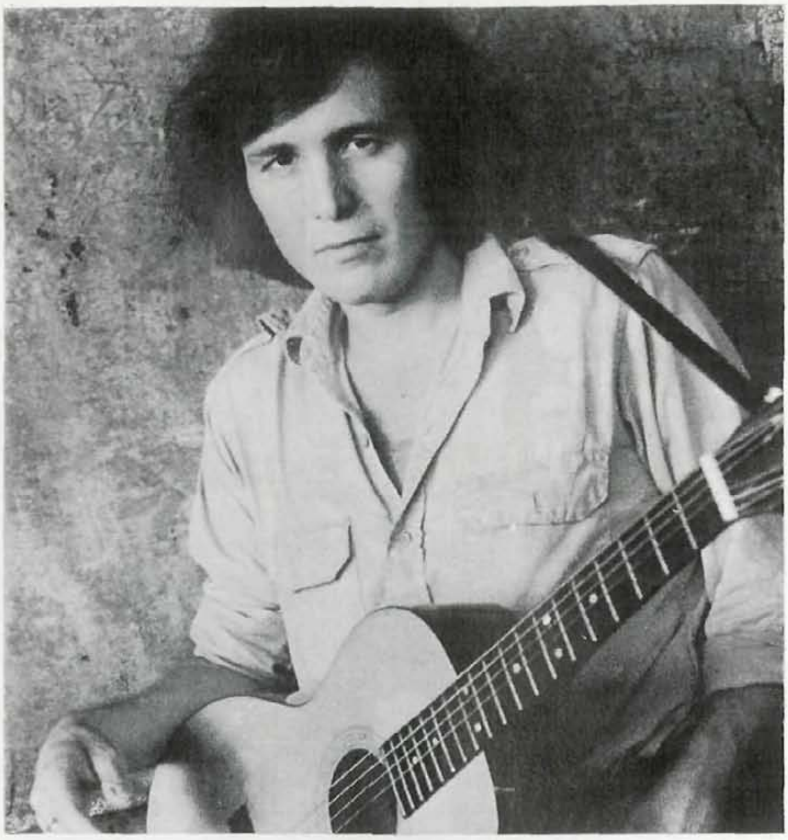
The electioneering hustle and bustle has also taken its toll on Pat, too, I'm afraid. She was guest speaker at the DAR luncheon plugging Dick and Spiggy and the wonderful job they are doing and telling them what John Mitchell found out about Mr. McGovern's real last name and what he does in the Senate washroom when he doesn't know the camera is on him and they were naturally shocked and dismayed. Particularly at the second screening. Anyway, halfway through the appetizer Pat jumped up and shrieked that she had found gold in her oyster and everybody was puzzled because we all thought all you get is pearls although I must admit with some of these detergents nowadays you're liable to find anything from a Cannon dish towel to eight-place settings of Lennoxware inside, which can be quite a problem, for example once I got some Duz with a juice tumbler inside but it broke in the box and some pieces of glass got in with the wash and when Spiggy wiped his nose with his napkin he cut it which is why it was bleeding when Dick came home from his round-the-world trip last year and is why Spiggy wasn't allowed to go this year to China either darn it. Darn Duz, too. Oh, about the gold in the oyster. Well, it wasn't really an oyster after all, it was just Pat's upper denture that fell into her plate. But the gold was real.

Oh dear, there are a million more things I want to tell you tonight, like about Spiggy's new book (*Profiles in Treason*) and Dick's idea for renaming Pan Am Astro Jets into Afro Jets to see if they will take a plane ticket instead of welfare and how Justice Blackmun hurt himself running after an ambulance and it turned out to be only a Good Humor truck and they were out of choco-crunch and he says that isn't going to make the lawsuit any easier to wiggle out of and why Martha can't get out of the hospital even though she's been out of the coma for days and can recognize John again . . . but my night-light is flickering under the bed and, from the sound of it, I'd better go up top and see if I can't clear up this silly mix-up before the puppy has a nervous breakdown.

A woman's work is never done.

All for now,

Judy



McLean Survives Two Obstacles

Singer Surmounts Irritated Crowd and Bomb Scare

By DON HECKMAN *New York Times*

A performer who can survive a bomb scare and an antagonistic audience must be something special. Singer-songwriter Don McLean came on stage at Columbia University's Wollman Auditorium Friday night and was greeted by listeners who were justifiably angry about the garish, bright spotlights beaming down on them. "Some friends" were filming Mr. McLean, and their need for appropriate lighting apparently took precedence over the audience's comfort. Associated with a performer whose psychic antennas are usually highly sensitive to rudeness, it was a peculiarly thoughtless action.

As if that wasn't enough, halfway through the program Mr. McLean was interrupted by a man who unceremoniously asked everyone to look under their chairs for "strange or unusual looking packages." Wow. Only a truly magical performer could have kept me—and doubtless many others in the audience—in the hall after so many hassles. But Mr. McLean is magical.

He sang his current hit, "American Pie," of course, but he also sang two particularly impressive older tunes, "Three Flights Up" and "Circus Song." He led his listeners through an enthusiastic interpretation of the old folk round "Babylon," he played super guitar and banjo and he sang beautifully. His songs—almost all of which are written with the pen of a poet and the voice of a minstrel—are the centerpiece of his art, and they have as direct and pertinent a message for right-here-today young people as those of any contemporary songwriter I can think of.

The bomb scare and the distracting film lights faded quickly from my mind at the end of the program. But Don McLean's music hasn't; I expect to be hearing it for a long, long time.

Don McLean in Concert

Letter to the Editor *Buffalo Evening News*

"...I am not a fan of Don McLean, or wasn't before Sunday. I liked "American Pie," but I knew little of McLean or his work before then.

I sat in the balcony, quite physically alienated from the lone man on stage, with no particular expectations but curiosity, until step by step his words, melodious voice, his attitude, sensitivity, candor, and sincerity brought my weary mind to a warm reception of McLean's works. Just as we discovered and respected the music of Bob Dylan, Simon and Garfunkel, Gordon Lightfoot, or Carole King, so has everything I saw of Don McLean seeped into and warmed my musical sense."
WENDY PATERSON,
Kenmore, N.Y.



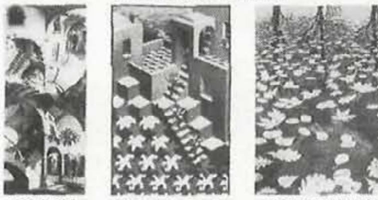
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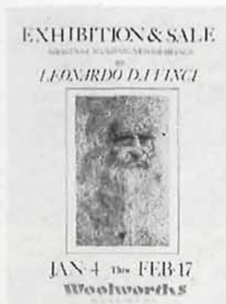
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Y-109
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Y-51 Y-60 Y-62 Y-67 Y-72 Y-74
Y-76 Y-78 Y-79 Y-82 Y-83 Y-85
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Y-108 Y-109 Y-111 Y-114 Y-115 Y-116
Y-118 Y-119 Y-121 Y-122 Y-123 Y-124
Y-125 Y-126 Y-130 Y-131 Y-132 Y-133
Y-134 Y-205 Y-209 Y-214 Y-220 Y-232
Y-233 Y-234 Y-235 Y-238 Y-242 Y-243
Y-244 Y-255 Y-258 Z-7 Z-8 Z-9
Z-10 Z-11 Z-13 Z-14 Z-15 Z-18
Z-19 Z-20 Z-23 Z-24 Z-25 Z-26
Z-27 Z-28 Z-29
Name
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New York City residents add 7% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be refunded. Yes Art Posters, 1971.



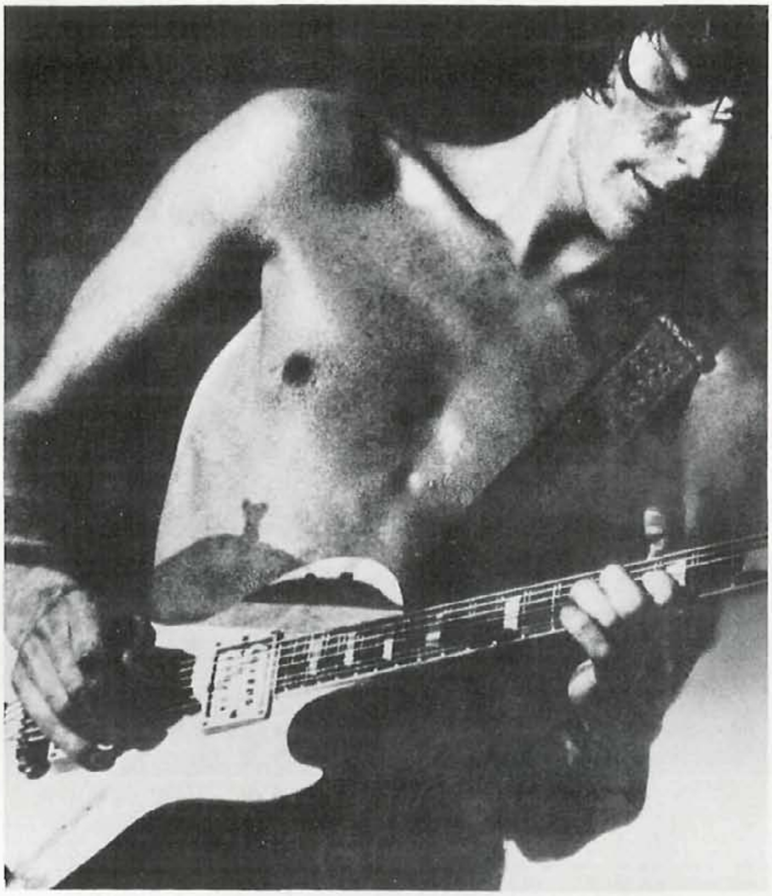
Who will fill the vacuum?

HOOVER DEAD: A NATION MOURNS



The body of the 1,873,412th victim of the Indo-Chinese gang "war" was found late last week in a ditch along Highway 9 in a deserted part of Quang Tri Province, about fifteen miles north of Dong Ha. The victim, twenty-eight-year-old Tranh Dinh Dzu, had been machine-gunned to death. Dzu was reportedly a minor "soldier" in the organization headed by Nguyen "Rat Face" Thieu, the boss who controls the rackets in Saigon. The bloody dispute, which erupted almost twenty years ago in a disagreement between rival factions over the division of "territory," has intensified in recent months with a wave of bombings, shootings, and other acts of violence in which a number of innocent bystanders (nearly ten thousand so far this month) have lost their lives. The slaying is assumed to have been the work of the powerful Hanoi mob, headed until his death four years ago

continued



More people finger Beck than anyone else.

On "Jeff Beck Group," Beck and the boys work over Bob Dylan, Stevie Wonder and on and on. The new Epic album features vocalist extraordinaire Bob Tench and other musical wizards from "Rough and Ready." And was produced by Steve Cropper, who performed similar feats for Otis Redding and Booker T. and the MG's.

History proves: Beck fingers and the big ones follow.

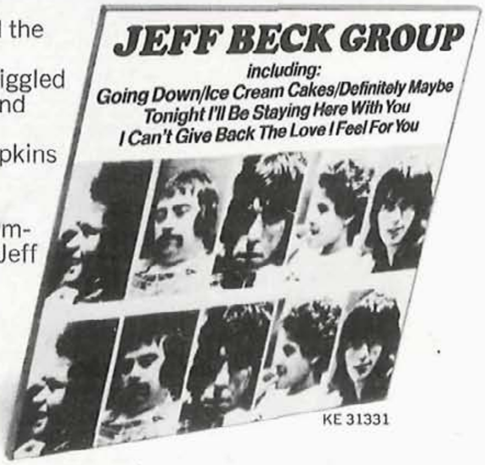
Like once, when Yardbird Beck jiggled dials instead of his strings, Townsend and Hendrix copped his style.

And then Rod Stewart, Nicky Hopkins and Ron Wood joined Beck's post-Yardbird crew.

Now, for more impressive performances, check Beck's latest piece: "Jeff Beck Group," the album that'll go down on a lot of other albums this year.

Because the world follows in Beck's fingersteps.

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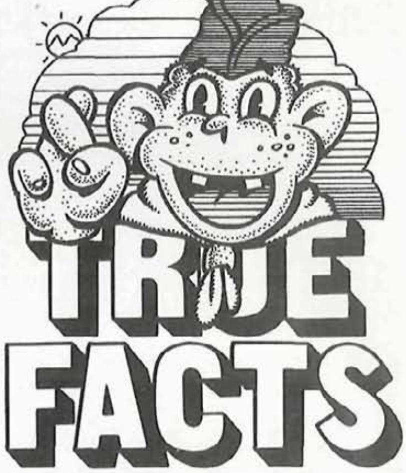
continued

by Ho Chi "Uncle Ho" Minh.

In what many believe is a calculated response to the recent antitrust action brought against them by the Justice Department, CBS, NBC, and ABC are apparently planning to bring a suit "within a few weeks" against the Democratic and Republican National Committees, which will contend that through their dominant position the two political parties "have extensively monopolized the process of candidate selection and hence election" and "have thus effectively acted to remove the factor of free choice from the political marketplace." The suit will reportedly cite the "perennial nomination of hacks, second-raters, and cronies for national and local office" in whom the parties have a major patronage interest to the exclusion of independent candidates. "Choosing between Humphrey and Nixon was like having to choose between 'Green Acres' and 'Celebrity Bowling' reruns," said one network official commenting on the contemplated suit.

State Department officials are understood to be concerned over possible *diplomatic repercussions following* the announcement that ITT has sold Chile "for an undisclosed sum" to a consortium of multinational corporations in the mining and manufacturing fields. ITT cited "continual labor unrest" as its prime reason for the sale of the medium-sized country—Number 47 on the UN's list of the Top 50 countries—and although it is not yet known whether the new own-

continued



• Vagn Larsen, seventeen, of Aarhus, Denmark, is in a hospital in serious condition after accidentally swallowing a midget rocket that fired in his mouth, went down his gullet, and exploded in his chest.

According to friends, Larsen put the rocket between his teeth and asked a friend to light it, intending to remove it and throw it into the air. The friends said all present clearly heard the loud bang when the charge exploded inside Larsen. *SF Chronicle* (S. Bathke)

• Samuel Eastman told Nassau County police that when he and his wife returned home from a night out, he found a stranger having a drink and talking to his collie. The man told him that "the dog invited me in and asked me to join him in a drink. So I poured a Scotch for him and one for myself."

Eastman called the police, and the stranger, Douglas Cameron, a twenty-nine-year-old market researcher, was charged with burglary. The case then went to a grand jury, which refused to indict Cameron. *Boston Globe* (D. Shribman)

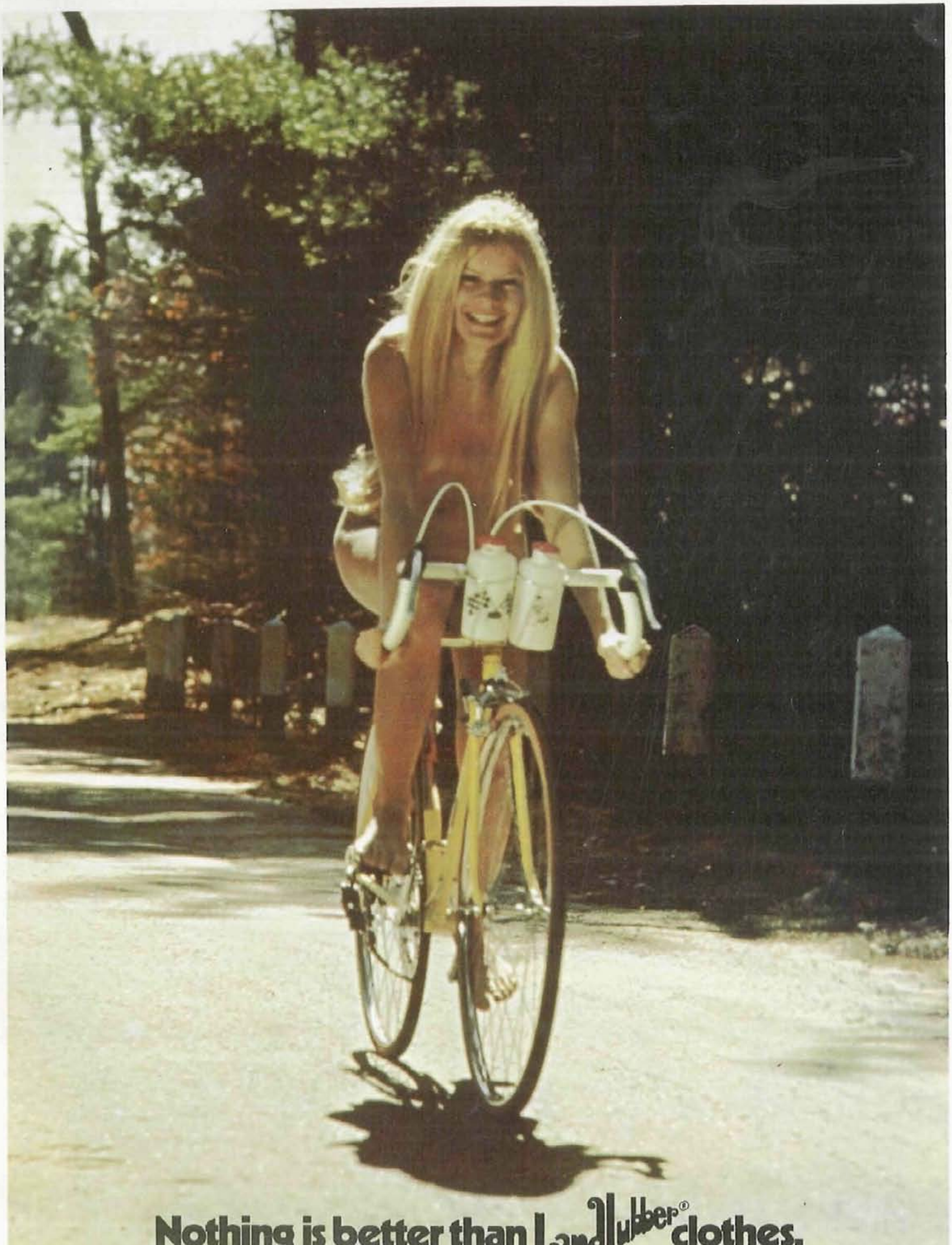
• The enema bandit has struck again. On February 6, he slipped into an unlocked campus apartment in Champaign, Illinois, and administered an enema to a nineteen-year-old coed.

Police say the bandit first roused one coed, then pointed a small silver pistol at her and asked, "Do you know who I am?"

The bandit then woke up her roommates and asked them their names, ages, and hometowns. He bound their hands, left the room, and returned with an enema bag full of water.

Police believe the intruder is the same man who has administered

continued


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NOSTALGIA GOES TO THE POLLS



In the current issue of *Liberty*, the theme is politics and politicians of the '20's, '30's, and '40's. There are stories by and about FDR, Harry Truman, Wendell Willkie, Tom Dewey, Huey Long, Alf Landon and all the other fascinating political figures of that era. There are also great, old film reviews, another fabulously funny session with Robert Benchley and much more great reading about yesterday.

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TRUE FACTS

continued

enemas to coeds at the University of Oklahoma, Kansas State, Ohio State, the University of Michigan, and Berkeley. Enema attacks have also been reported on campuses in New York and Pennsylvania. *The Daily Illini* (W. DeFotis)

• Poland has entered the international high-fidelity-components market with a new record changer. Called the RSB-1, it has no tone arm and does not play records—it only changes them.

"This is the first time a record changer is doing exactly what its name indicates," said Wladislaw Woczorik, product engineer. "Our unit needs no tone arm to play records. You just plug it in—and it starts changing. It keeps on changing until you pull the plug."

"In analyzing the market," said Woczorik, "we found that every other so-called record changer was really an automatic record player. We wouldn't be so stupid as to introduce the same product as everyone else. Besides," he added, "our changers produce a lot less noise than competing products." *Audio Times* (A. Pillar)

continued

ers will make major management changes, it is generally assumed that they will be relying heavily on AID-CIA Local 154 to restore labor peace. ITT officials claim that the sale is in the best interests of the country, since extensive refinancing of the Chilean debt by the purchasers forestalls foreclosure by the World Bank on Chile's mortgage and should delay the threatened eviction of the population for at least three years.

After years of persistently citing the certainty of a "bloodbath" in which thousands of Vietnamese who have supported the Thieu government would be slaughtered by conquering Communist troops as a major justification for large-scale bombings of the North, invasions of surrounding countries, and the continued stationing of American troops in Vietnam, the Pentagon has finally announced a program to prevent such an occurrence following the final U.S. withdrawal. Code-named Operation Dustbite, the plan calls for extensive "preventive mortation" of the civilian population in the South, which will be "administratively necrolized" and deployed in "final protection bunkers" six feet below the ground to protect them from Communist reprisals. According to Maj. Gen. Knute Stretham, who heads the operation, "The only way to save these people from being indiscriminately massacred by the ruthless agents of a bloodthirsty totalitarian regime is to implement a policy of strategic personnel termination and interment. This we are doing, with the approval, of course, of a duly elected representative government." Under the plan, Buddhists, who represent the vast majority of South Vietnam's twelve million people, will be "in-processed into accelerated reincarnation programs," and members of the Catholic minority will be "recycled into a Grace mode." Arrangements have been made for aerial unction to be provided from Huey helicopter gunships adapted to carry rapid-fire holy-water dispensers and other "sacramental ordnance" to permit "high-altitude mass obitualization" of Catholics in remote areas. As Stretham puts it, "We've gone the route with these jokers, and if they've got to kick the bucket, it's going to be our bucket they kick."

Acting, as usual, to "defuse" a potential campaign issue, top advisers to President Nixon are understood to be hammering out the final draft of an amnesty bill setting forth the conditions under which Americans who fled to Canada to escape the draft

continued on page 33

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7044 BEETHOVEN Piano Sonatas **Yorkshire**

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***3700 JAMES TAYLOR** & *The Flying Machine* **Euphoria**

9114 OSMONDS Phase III **MGM**

2640 GUESS WHO Born In Canada **Wand**

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7269 ENVIRONMENTAL SOUNDS Nature's Music **Yorkshire**

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1196 GRASS ROOTS Their 16 Greatest Hits **ABC/Dunhill**

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***7802 MOUNTAIN** Flowers Of Evil **Windfall**

5534 TEN YEARS AFTER Alvin Lee & Co. **Deram**

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RCA Record Club (as advertised in Reader's Digest Jan. '71)	NO	NO	6	$40.78 to $52.68	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
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Capitol Record Club (as advertised in Playboy Dec. '71)	NO	NO	12	$70.03 to $94.03	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
Capitol Stereo Tape Club (as advertised in Playboy May '72)	NO	NO	10	$77.62 to $87.62	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
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4275 DON MC LEAN
American Pie
United Artists



7859 PARTRIDGE FAMILY SHOPPING BAG
Bell



5171 YES
Fragile
Atlantic



1377 JAMES GANG
Straight Shooter
ABC



5198 ROBERTA FLACK
First Take
Atlantic



1433 GRASS ROOTS
Move Along
ABC/Dunhill



7833 DAVID CASSIDY
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Bell



7846 5TH DIMENSION
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0354 JOAN BAEZ
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5550 SAVOY BROWN
Hellbound Train
Parrot



0635 ISAAC HAYES/ SHAFT Original ST
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Enterprise



5138 LED ZEPPELIN
Atlantic



6431 STAPLE SINGERS
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5206 CREAM
Live, Vol. II
Atco

1183 THREE DOG NIGHT
Harmony
ABC/Dunhill

2779 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. Two
Scepter

0505 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
Four Way Street
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Atlantic

7863 MICHEL LEGRAND
Brian's Song
Bell

7777 GODSPELL
Original Cast
Bell

0272 DIONNE WARWICKE STORY
(2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Scepter

6150 BREWER & SHIPLEY Shake Off The Demon
Kama Sutra

1235 STEPPENWOLF
For Ladies Only
ABC/Dunhill

3860 HILLSIDE SINGERS
I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing
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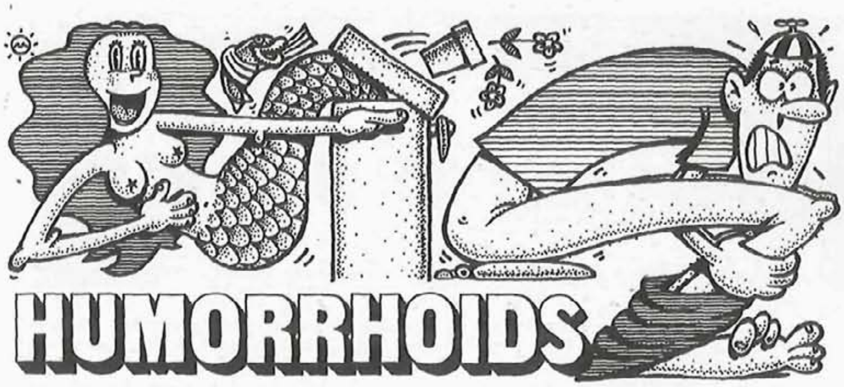
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HUMORRHOIDS

Truth in Advertising #2
by Henry Beard

As the Federal Trade Commission pursues its recently instituted and highly laudable policy of requiring television advertisers to substantiate any claims, comparisons, or statistical statements made in the course of demonstrations or dramatizations, under penalty of fine and the threat of orders to air countercommercials to correct false impressions, we at *NatLamp* will continue our program of educating the American public, with suitable examples of true ads, to counter the trauma and mass psychosis that could well result in an improperly prepared viewing audience suddenly exposed to an honest commercial.

Whether embarrassment of the sort caused by the new substantiation rules to a major razor-blade company that was forced to admit that the use of the word "better" in reference to one of its blades depended on comparison to a clamshell will in fact result in candid product-claims remains to be seen, but the potential for widespread neural disorientation is so great that we feel it is not less good to be safe than sorry.

(Bob is seated on a bus reading a newspaper. It's a cinch it's flu season because the headline says, in type usually reserved for space feats and assassinations, FLU SEASON HERE, and someone is spraying the bus windows with a garden hose. Enter Bill, soaking wet. He sits down next to Bob.)

BILL: Boy, do I feel punk! This noseclip I'm wearing to make it sound like my sinuses are clogged is pinching, the stuff they put in my eyes to make them water stings, and one of the stagehands just sprayed me with a garden hose!

BOB: Then why not try Endrin, the nasty, asbestos-flavored placebo that packs twice as much pain reliever as a pound of calf's liver into a flaky, hard-to-swallow tablet the size of a macaroon?

BILL: What's so special about Endrin?

BOB: You know how when a Ping-Pong ball rolls off the edge of the table, it drops right off onto the floor? Well, the moment you take Endrin, this same remarkable force, long recognized by doctors as the best way of getting vital medicines into your body, goes right to work, carrying Endrin's carefully balanced formula of inert ingredients, caulking compounds, and propellants down your throat and into your system. Other, fast-dissolving remedies dissipate their ingredients throughout your body, but, thanks to its unique nugatory action, Endrin stays right in your stomach, often for weeks at a time, slowly releasing thousands of patently inefficacious particles of pulverized fly-ash, raw fatbodies, and other foreign substances derived from the residue of important industrial processes. There, these hard-working power pellets form a long-lasting slurry of gritty alkaloid granules that coat your lower tract with a thick, alpaca-like lining, protecting your sensitive digestive region from further doses of this injurious remedy.

BILL: But why not one of those combination products?

BOB: Here's why not. You see, unlike many of the so-called three-way compounds or cold capsules, Endrin has no antihistamines or decongestants to make you drowsy and irritable, no aspirin to upset your stomach . . . in fact, no harsh pain-relievers of any kind to interfere with your body's natural defenses. Instead, Endrin contains only the same gentle, mild ingredients found in ordinary blackboard chalk, nature's own bulking agent. So the next time flu strikes, let your cold safely take its course with Endrin, the pill that looks like a cookie, tastes like a mothball. Endrin—it's not half bad for when you're not feeling so good.

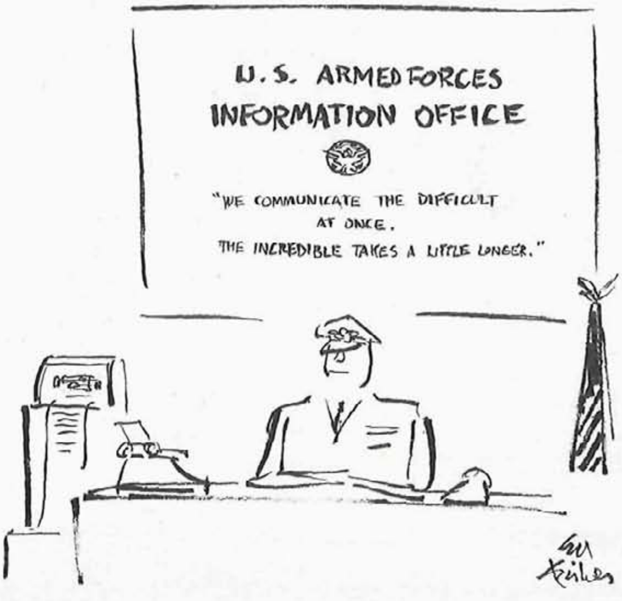
(Mother is in the laundry room practicing Kamitsu, the Japanese art of towel folding. When she speaks, her voice sounds the way HAL 9000 would have sounded had he been raised by snow-throws. Enter Sally, the 1971 Cold Sore Poster Child, bearing an obscure item of apparel.)

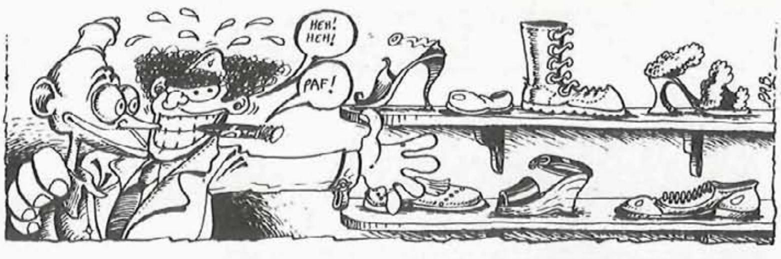
SALLY: Gosh, Mom, I can't wear this odd-looking garment to school! It's too clean! The gang'll think I'm soft on ecology!

MOTHER: Too clean? Have you tossed your topknot, child? That shapeless amalgam of synthetic fibers you're clutching to your disappointing bosom was laved in Whiz, the washday letdown. Why, it's as gray as a shingle.

SALLY: Gee, Ma, it still looks clean to me. Oh, woe, it's dollars to dust kitties I'll be cast to the hordes of avenging gerbils who even now silently pace their cages in my homeroom, their teeth honed to tiny pencil points, waiting to dine on hapless innocents, in this case myself, once my outraged peers have condemned me, after a slapdash trial, as a vile pollutress!

continued





COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: With The 1956 High School Yearbook; The Dink Patrol; The Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; 1936: A Space Odyssey; Monster Memories; and the Special 1950s Section.
DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Gahan Wilson's Christmas Beware!, Write Your Own Agnew Speech, The Myth of the Mafia, Santology, I Remember Jesus, Sob Story, and Underachiever Jokes.
JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN: With The Censorless Woman by "O'D," the *Cosmopolitan* parody, Mighty Minerva, Unlikely Events, and the women's lib pinup calendar.
FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: With Siddhartha Classy Comics, the Special Stoned Section, The Great Automobile Revolt, the 1791 *Rolling Stone* parody, Instant Yoga, and Woodstockade.
MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.
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MOTHER: Cut short the chin concerto, and let's make this simple test. I'll put the garb in question washed in Whiz with AK-9 under this ordinary gooseneck lamp, which, incidentally, uses the same hard-working photons as a high-intensity ultraviolet light such as one might encounter in the impartial laboratory of a nationally recognized testing concern. Right beside it I'll place the identical article of clothing, laundered by a Chinaman in the selfsame harsh soaps and loathsome chemicals employed by members of his unpleasant race to wrest spurious confessions from our plucky lads during the erstwhile police action in Korea. There, now which is whiter?

SALLY: Seeing is believing. If I actually had to wear this nameless frock on my person, I could certainly do so without shame, earthwise. This timely dramatization has proved it to possess the patina of a roofing tile. But does this mean Whiz contains none of the many ostracized substances whose mere mention would sully my voice box?

MOTHER: That's right, sugar. You see, the makers of Whiz have removed from all their fine products every trace of phosphates, nitrates, or other cleaning agents of any kind and replaced them with a host of damaged mill leavings and seconds from famous makers, thus further protecting the environment since they end up in your home instead of on the slag-heap. For example, the handy twenty-pound Godzilla-sized box of Whiz contains a ratty Cannon towel in a colorful throw-up design, two chipped butter dishes in the unpopular milkweed pattern, and a handful of shards from expensive stemware inadvertently shattered by butterfingered packers at the nationally known Corning Glass Works. Independent statisticians have attested that in any six thousand boxes, there is a complete service for eight of costly goblets. Together, these undesirable bonuses occupy 90 percent of the contents of every box of Whiz, by volume. The rest is common rock salt, which makes clothes washed in Whiz come out crackling clean, with a bright, crusty rime that will turn a bullet. And what's more, salt is the same chemical that Mother Nature herself has been dumping into our oceans for millenniums.

SALLY: What about additive AK-9?

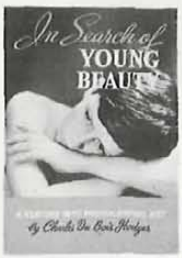
MOTHER: Don't worry, that's nothing but plaster dust, included to give delicate fibers the same soft sheen as an unpainted wall.

SALLY: I'm convinced!

MOTHER: I hope you will be. Remember, when you use Whiz, the fish won't be all washed up, and that goes double for your clothes. □

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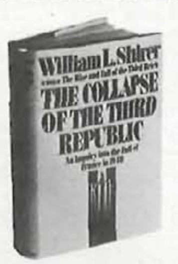
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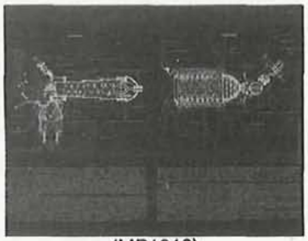
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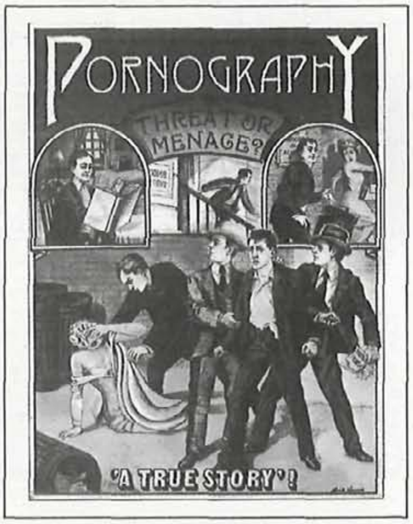
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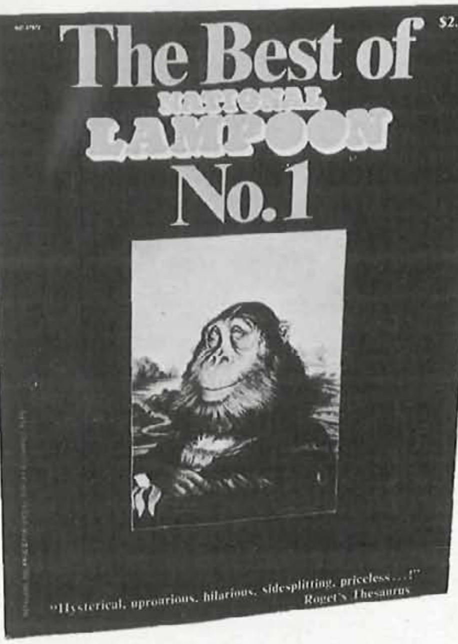
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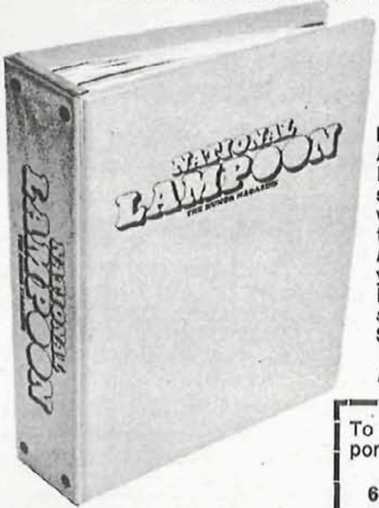
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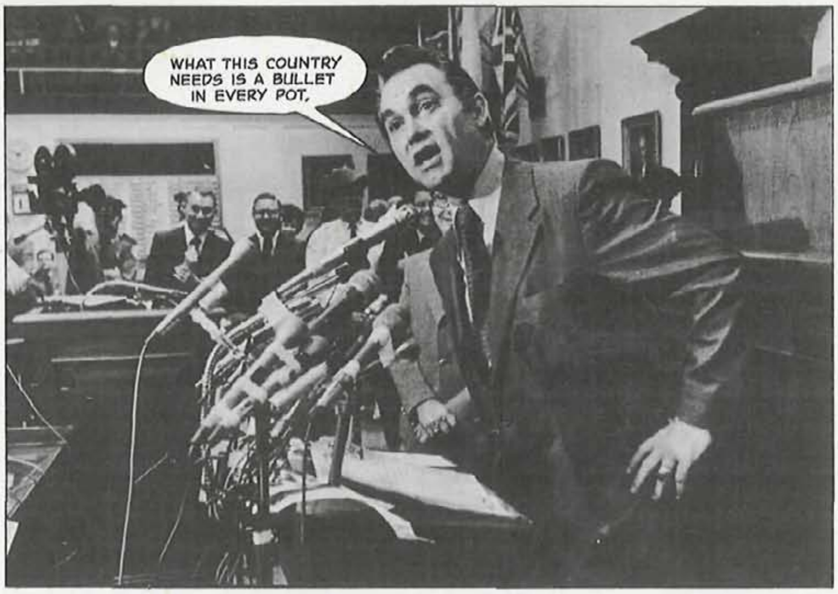
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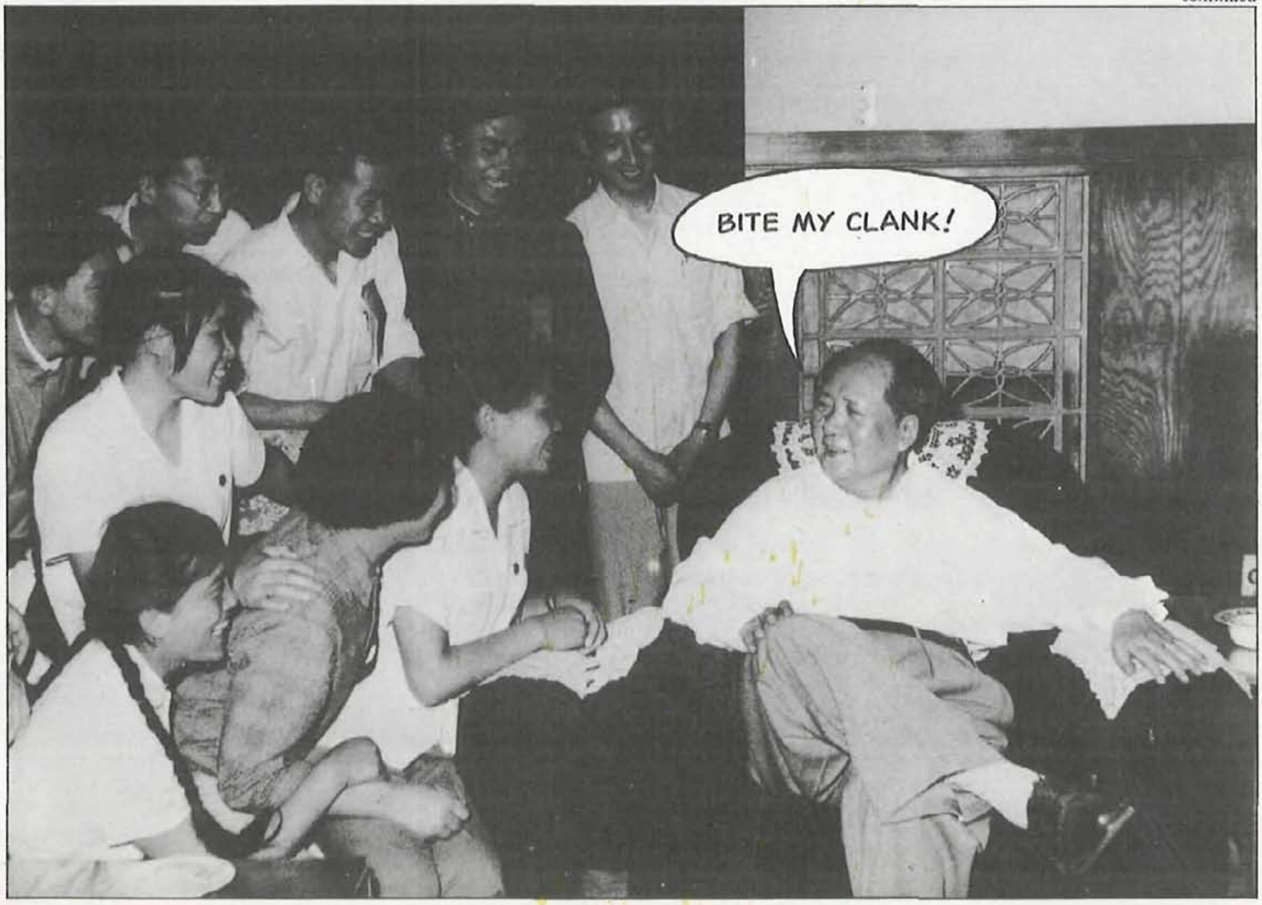
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continued from page 23
may return to the United States. Because of the political liabilities inherent in letting the draft evaders "get off scot-free" and the likely controversy that would meet the selection of any form of alternative service, both from people who might regard certain forms of service as too "soft" or from individuals among those who fled who might have moral objections to particular activities, the Administration task force has resolved on a period of "hazing" designed to approximate and simulate as much as possible the army service that the individual avoided. Included in the far from final list of tasks that each person seeking to return must perform are: conversing for one hundred hours with a mentally retarded adult or an American astronaut; listening to one thousand successive plays of "Sally Go Round the Roses," "Red Rubber Ball," or "Ode to Billy Joe"; participating in a one-week seminar on the subject "What's Wrong with America?" with a specially selected panel made up of taxi drivers, barbers, retired National Guard officers, and cocker spaniels; eating five hundred pounds of mashed potatoes, one hundred pounds of Spam, one hundred pounds of lime Jell-O, and four dozen cans of cold ham and lima beans; digging a hole ten feet by ten feet by



ten feet and filling it in again; producing ten ounces of urine in front of fifty witnesses; scrubbing, waxing, and polishing five thousand square feet of linoleum; demonstrating proficiency in at least ten card games that can be played by one person with a deck containing forty-seven cards; being able to speak for one hour on the comparative merits of the engines of the Ford Mustang and the Chevy Camaro; standing in a line for a total of 4,200 hours; correctly identifying and transcribing forty-five out of fifty names read over a public-address system by a Puerto Rican with a cleft palate and a mouth full of BBs; watching thirty consecutive performances of *Marooned* or *The Countess from Hong Kong* in a movie theatre filled with rutting pigs; being able to construct a twenty-five-word English
continued



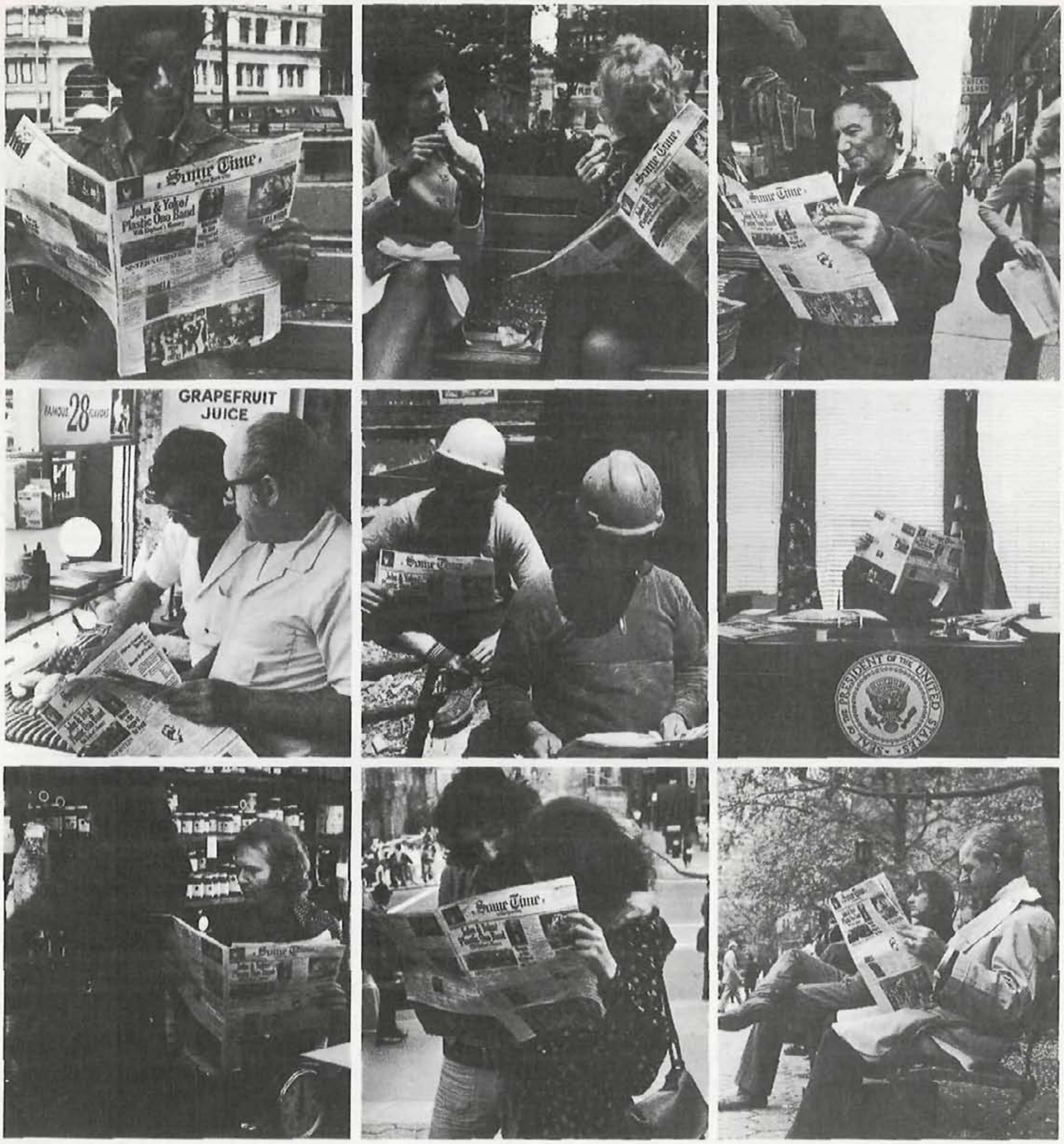


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sentence using only the word "fuck," without repeating any grammatical form and employing at least one gerund; receiving a complete set of inoculations for five diseases of which there have been no reported cases in at least fifty years; accurately deciphering a five-thousand-word passage from Dante's *Inferno*, from which all the vowels have been removed; walking ten miles across open country wearing roller skates, carrying a six-foot length of downspouting, a nine-pound model radio, two billiard balls, and a live lobster; and attending ten four-hour lectures on the operation of the common clothespin.

In what may prove to be as serious a political scandal as the recent revelations concerning the contributions by ITT to the Republican convention fund, it has been learned that the Democratic National Committee sent brochures illustrated with particularly graphic pictures from the 1968 Chicago riots to chambers of commerce and other citizens groups in the major convention cities in the U.S. together with letters making it clear that the 1972 Democratic convention would be held in that city which came up with the smallest "convention prevention" contribution. Business and civic interests in New York and Chicago each reportedly paid over $750,000 to keep the convention out of their respective cities, and citizens groups in Los Angeles contributed over $500,000. Miami's low bid of a little over $200,000 resulted in its selection as the final site, when a last-minute effort to raise an additional $50,000 to put it ahead of San Francisco's $250,000 failed. One Northeastern mayor, who refused to be identified, said, "It's a good investment, like Dresden paying the allies to bomb Leipzig instead."

For the second time in as many months, North Vietnam has been rocked by a wave of destructive bombings. According to reports in Hanoi newspapers, the massive blasts leveled a number of factories, civilian dwellings, hospitals, schools, and orphanages. Officials have been unable to find any pattern or motive in the bombings, but it is reliably reported that sometime prior to the first explosion, a man claiming to be the President of the United States contacted newspapers in the U.S. and sent messages to the North Vietnamese Government claiming credit for the blasts and insisting that they were in retaliation for an unnamed injury to his pride. "This is obviously the work of a madman," said one high official. □





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Section 7

Saigon Times

Refugee Pages

Sunday, June 18, Year of the Rat

NEW STUDY SHOWS SOUTH VIETNAMESE ARE THE "MOVINGEST" PEOPLE AROUND!

by Trinh Van Dzu

A recent study conducted by the American Ford Foundation and released last week by the office of President Thieu shows that citizens of the Republic of Vietnam play second fiddle—or second harmonica or some other simple mouth instrument—to no one when it comes to mobility.

According to the survey, over 50 percent of our nation's fourteen million people have heeded the call of the open road in the last decade, making them number one in the world in the wanderlust department.

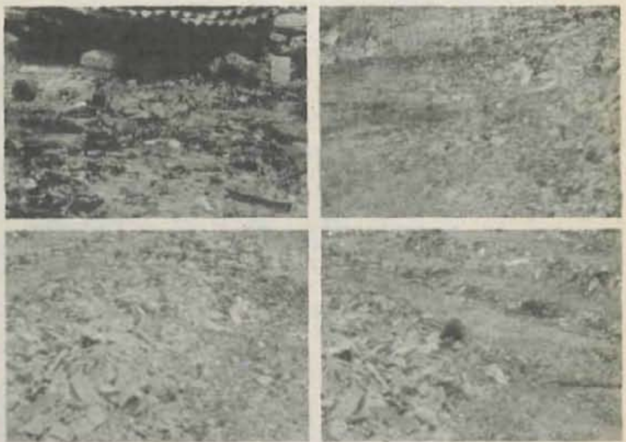
Typical of this new spirit of adventure is the Vinh family, twenty-eight-year-old Tranh Vinh, his wife, Cao Vinh, twenty-six, and something they carry around in a canvas bag, four. The Vinhs left their native village of Long Binh in 1966, after Tranh arranged to get a discharge from the army —"It cost me an arm and a leg," he jokes—and have since lived in twenty different places, seldom staying in any one for more than a few months at a time.

"I guess we're just choosy," said Tranh when I interviewed him and his wife in their cozy culvert just north of Cam Tre on Route 9. "You know, you'll just be staying there one day, and then, bang, it hits you, time to pull up shoots and move on."

"Right after we were married, we went to live in my family's house in Long Binh," said Cao, a strikingly attractive woman with a long shapely leg, "but I must admit I was getting fed up. Day after day, the same old rat race, up at six, rebuild the house, wash the wounds, bury the children, clean up the shrapnel, and no one around to lend a helping hook with the heavy work. It just wasn't worth it."

"Sure, we hated to leave our relatives and ancestors behind," admitted Tranh, "but we didn't want to end up in a rut like everyone else we knew. Just about everyone in Long Binh was an old stick-in-the-mud. It was a real dead town. So we sold the place to my brother-in-law for a few piasters and turned in my sister to the VC. I think it was the VC—no, wait . . .'66,—it must have been the Government. Anyway, we managed to scrape together a few thousand piasters on the whole deal, and we headed south."

(Continued on page R-12)



Here are just a few of the many "must-see" spots thousands of Vietnamese from all walks, crawls, and limps of life are being encouraged to visit this summer under the Ministry of Tourism's new "See Vietnam First—If It's the Last Thing You Ever Do" program. Clockwise from upper left: the spectacular "Mountains of the Moon" in Binh Dinh Province; the unforgettable lunar landscape of Ben Het Park, where the fabled "old faithful" delayed-action bombs go off like clockwork every hour on the hour; the interesting moonlike terrain of the Central Highlands, just a short trip from the eerie Defoliated Forest; and the Land of the Moon God, near Khe Sanh, so named, according to native Montagnard legend, because of the startling resemblance between the oddly cratered land and the surface of the moon.

HOW WE TURNED AN ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER INTO A RAMBLING COUNTRY HOME!

by Duong Tri Bi

The agent called us early one Sunday and said he had something "special" for us. Could we meet him on Route 23, just north of the free-fire zone? We told him yes and immediately trudged the fourteen miles to the appointed spot. Quang and I didn't get our hopes up, though. After months of searching for something comfortable, inexpensive, and spacious, yet within reasonable commuting distance to the war (Quang's a platoon leader), we'd just about given up our dream of owning our own home.

Though we were delayed somewhat by a skirmish near the village of Lao Kruc, the agent was waiting for us. We followed him about one hundred yards up the trail, cutting through dense underbrush along the way. The neighborhood seemed nice enough, I thought as we crawled along, but we learned later that Montagnards had moved in next door, depreciating the property values somewhat.

Finally, after detouring around a bamboo mine trap conveniently located near an open grave, there it was, rusting peacefully between two defoliated trees, the most adorable armored personnel carrier I ever saw. It had been sitting there abandoned for Buddha knows how long, just waiting for someone to move in and make it their own.

"Forget about the rust and dead bodies inside," the agent said. "A coat of paint'll fix it up like new."

"No," I said. "It's got so much charm just the way it is, I woudn't want to change a thing." It was obvious the place was once a happy nest

(Continued on page R-6)

Notice to Readers

Due to the newsprint shortage, Section 6, the obituary section, does not appear in today's paper. Persons wishing to obtain this section should call at the offices of the Saigon Times, 46 Final Victory Street. The cost is 50 piasters. Please bring bicycle or handcart.

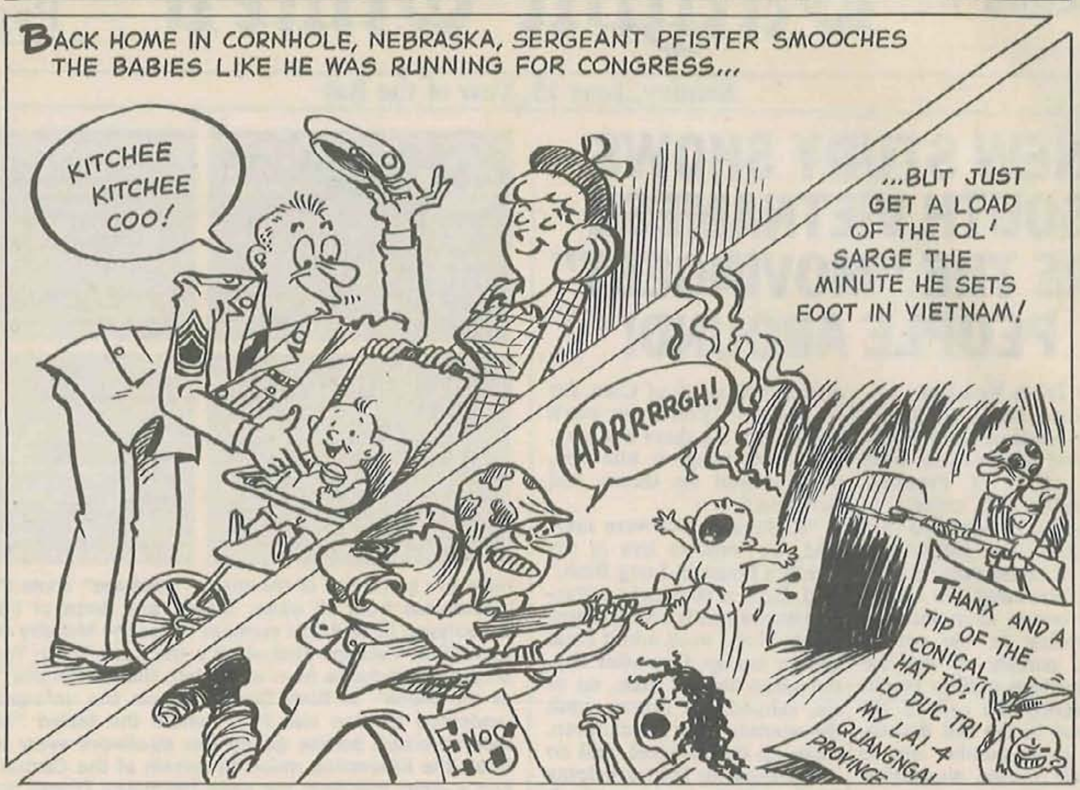
Today in History

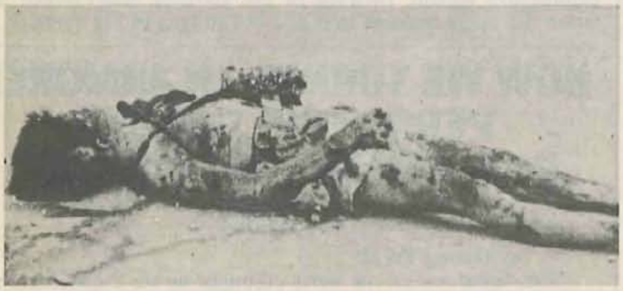
1361—China invades Vietnam
1473—Khmer Empire invades Vietnam
1426—Tibet invades Vietnam
1518—Annamese pirates invade Vietnam
1590—Siam invades Vietnam
1675—Malay emirs invade Vietnam
1732—Señor Hildalgo Tomaso Figueres invades Vietnam

(Continued on page R-15)

by John Boni and Henry Beard

Hat Lo's They'll Do It Every Time





Man in the Street

This Week: Mr. Thanh Dinh Tho, interviewed in the Street of the Dismal Trout.

TIMES: How do you feel about the recent devaluation of the piaster in the light of President Thieu's Economic Reconstruction Program?

MR. THO: ————

TIMES: Do you think that the existing structure of provincial accountability to the national government provides sufficient autonomy to responsible officials in the rural infrastructure, particularly in the field of land reform?

MR. THO: Aaaaaaannngh.

TIMES: In your opinion, has excessive factionalism in recent months hurt the image or impaired the effectiveness of opposition parties in the National Assembly?

MR. THO: ————

Movies

Cine Saigon. *Straw Dogs*. Dull, predictable story of life in a rural village in England. G.

Loew's Opium. *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Familiar, humdrum tale of POW in a big city in wartime Germany. G.

Cercle Cinematique. *A Clockwork Orange*. Unimaginative, saccharine science-fiction yarn about run-of-the-mill youngster growing up in sleepy English town. G.

LOST AND FOUND

If anyone has information on the whereabouts of the village of Duc Tho, please contact Giap Doi, 33 Loan St., Saigon.

Found on Route 1, south of Hue: one foot, size 6, yellow with ankle bracelet. Call VC 3-3316.

Lost: one leather case, brown, Brig. Gen. A. M. Hightower, USA, engraved on flap. Case contained manuscript of far-fetched war novel owner was writing about an invasion of Burma, Thailand, and North Vietnam. Sentimental value only, but big reward offered. Write Lt. Col. Alvin Hightower, Arctic Materials Evaluation Station, Moose Run, Alaska.

PERSONALS

Motorbike for sale. Used only once by quiet, reliable terrorist. Box 16.

Lovable, cuddly litters of adorable Vietnamese, all sizes, shapes, ages, colors. Will neuter if desired. Box 88.

Good home wanted for beautiful, alert purebred Cambodian, female, very affectionate. Pan-trained, has had all its shots. Wonderful with pets. Box 90.

Would like to find loving home for two sprightly Siamese. Sorry, cannot separate. Kind hearts only. Box 155.

Yang: Come home. I can't seem to function without you. Yin.

Nho Tranh: Come home. Everyone who hated you is dead. Le Binh.

Nguyen Khanh: Please come back. All is forgiven. I'm sorry I lost my temper. It's this crazy war; it has us all on edge. Love, Vinh.

Nam Xuan: There's a *killing* to be made in *plastics*. The *market in Danang* is wide open. With your *explosive* personality, you'll *murder* the competition. But you must get in on the *ground floor*. Don't wait another day. Start your career with a *big bang*. B.D.

Young male vet, sixteen, arms, but only one leg (left), looking for compatible female. No gag calls. Box 44.

Notice: I am no longer responsible for the debts of my ally, the Republic of Vietnam. Richard M. Nixon.

"Left out?" Sick of being "just one in the pack"? We have many high-paying jobs open for ambulatory men who want to get "out front" and stay there. Contact Col. Vy, Eleventh Infantry Division, Bon Song.

Soldier, heading south, looking for 150 people to share helicopter. Box 91.



Left to right, Mme. Vo Phuy Tonh, Mme. Linh Trang (chairwoman), and Mme. Ho Tri Khanh meeting at the Cercle Mortif to plan this year's April in a Coma Ball. The theme of the gala is "Massive Skin Lesions" and the committee plans to turn the grand bunker of the Sheraton-Hootch into a gauze-and-gossamer replica of a burn ward. As in the past, all proceeds will go to President Thieu's Clinic for Retarded Generals in Geneva, Switzerland.



The Informer

Hello again, gossip fans. As usual, old Auntie Vinh has her electrodes wired up to the private parts of the daily lives of the Not Too Ugly People, so let's turn up the power and listen in on the talk, talk, talk of the town!

Duc Tho and Trinh Binh seen lying in the same ditch along Route 6. Was it Cupid who gave her that sucking chest wound? . . . What about these goofy university students? Their latest craze is stuffing Tiger Cages on Con Som Island. . . . Lovely Cam Rinh Cao, who has two of everything and everything in the right place, was present at the opening of a new shell hole in Xuan Street by terrorist bombs yesterday. I didn't have my abacus handy, but I think she's still got what it takes. . . . Lonh Thuy and Hoa Dinh seen discussing relocation problems at the clinic yesterday. Could they be planning to share an empty ammunition crate in the near future?

Trinh Duong seen mooning around Gia Dinh Street. Is she just off the feedbag, or is she starved for affection? . . . Up-and-coming scrivener Lingh Leh Teh was in Vau Tinh's bookstall last week, autographing copies of his runaway smash, *Kids Die the Darndest Deaths*. . . . Duc Le Tranh and Luong Minh and Bo Linh and Phan Lam took the big step together last week in a private double-coffin ceremony, just for family and close friends. We always knew there were dirges in their futures, but a little bird told me at least one was a shotgun funeral. . . . Who was the tall dark stranger who raped and murdered Cao Namh on Loc Samh Street last week? Too bad it had to end so soon—just another dry-season romance? . . . Hundreds of celebs attended the unexpected closing of the Café Lom Son during the VC rocket attack last week. Owner-host Duong Minh blamed the move on a crushing overhead. . . . Linh Nhi, the sick comic, is in hot water again. His routines about happy marriages, kids that grow up, and—his most offensive—a village that doesn't get bombed, have brought the censors around again. . . . Tom Com cut Ben Ho dead on the street last week. Is that feud still going on? . . . Nguyen Binh looks a little on the plump side, and we're betting it isn't a hunk of shrapnel. . . .

Comedian Sheh Ky Dzu died at the Club Plasma last night. . . . Everybody's preening for Kao Vo's coming-out party. If all goes well, she should be out of the cast on Wednesday, and if the skin grafts take, the feast will be held next week. . . . The newest sensation is Chez Binh-san's bottomless dancers. They have nothing below the waist. Pretty daring!

Well, that's all for now!

Auntie Vinh

PERSONS OF THE BUDDHIST SECTS

Why take a chance on spending a dreary, unhealthy, and short life in the event you come back as a frog, housefly, a carp, or worse? Apply today for reincarnation insurance. Our low monthly premiums guarantee you a pleasing existence no matter what you turn out to be by providing for your upkeep in a pleasant monastery in Thailand, where soft-headed monks with a government-certified reverence for life will avoid swatting you, stepping on you, or whatever. Write to the Travelers Insurance Co., 15, Street of the Dupes, Saigon.

ARVN SOLDIERS— LEAVE THE DYING TO US!

Sick of battling that heavy enemy traffic on routes 1, 9, and 14? Do you feel like doing a little traveling, or maybe visiting the folks? We can provide you with a replacement at a reasonable cost. Don't fight tonight, call **Chicken Delight** SA 4-3198.

SOAP 114½, +1½
CIGARETTES 354¼, −¼
PENICILLIN 1734⅛, +7½

The black market can be pretty complicated if you don't have the time or the experience to make profitable investments. That's where My Li, Linh, Pi, Feng, and Sonh come in. We can tell you how to invest wisely in today's frantic water-buffalo market and help you to choose the items that best fulfill your investment goals, whether it's black chips or under-the-counter issues. Send for our free booklet, "Black-Market Opportunities," or stop in at one of our convenient offices. My Li, Linh, Pi, Feng, and Sonh, 350 Clean Government Street, Cholon 4, Saigon.

See, hear, or feel the sights!

Come along on one of our walking wounded tours of Saigon, Danang, Hue, Pleiku, and other noted tourist spots. Flatbed trucks leave daily from the Old Depot, the war permitting. Phone VN 3-0416.

Ask Ah Bhi



Dear Ah Bhi:

What is the proper way to disarm a drunken soldier who stumbles into your home and begins shooting up the place? My mother-in-law says you can sneak up on him from behind. However, I remember reading somewhere that this only applies to a formal disruption, like an invasion, and not to an accidental interruption like this one. Who's right?

Perplexed Person

Dear Perplexed Person:

Your mother-in-law is right. No matter what the occasion, there is no substitute for courtesy and common sense. Sneaking up from behind is always correct. It shows proper respect for the intruder's prowess and deference to his exalted position. Meeting him head-on, or face-to-face, is considered a challenge and, by extension, an insult. Also, from a practical point, the back offers many more targets of opportunity—the neck, skull, and kidneys, to name a few.

Dear Ah Bhi:

Last year, during the Tet truce, we entertained a small squad of American soldiers. Our hutch is tiny but we were happy to make room for these fellows who fight to make our country safe for democracy. Well, before you could say Huac Robinson, one of the soldiers jumped into bed with my daughter, two others raped me and my sister, and a fourth bayoneted my husband when he protested their carryings-on. I was appalled at their lack of good manners. Far worse, I couldn't think of any way to handle the situation decorously. Is there a general rule of thumb covering such experiences?

Concerned One

Dear Concerned One:

Yes. You should merely resolve never to invite them back, and if they ask why, tell them graciously but firmly that their mischief-making was not appreciated.

Dear Ah Bhi:

Thanks for telling "Elopers" that parents should let the children decide the kind of wedding they want. Van Druong and I wanted a simple little ceremony in the shell hole. My parents wanted to have a big affair over by the water tank. Well, to save a lot of aggravation, Van and I went along with our folks' wishes. On the day of the wedding, a mortar attack blasted the water tank and blew Van into the next village, but the shell hole didn't get a scratch. My parents now realize that simple weddings are best. I hope you print this.

Missing in Action

Dear Ah Bhi:

Last week, the VC shelled our hamlet with mortars and 90-mm rockets, about twenty in all. What's the proper response?

Hamlet Chief
Who Wants to Do
the Right Thing

Dear Hamlet Chief:

Call in a small air strike on their headquarters. Rockets and strafing are sufficient—bombing should be saved for formal military engagements. A little napalm might be a nice gesture, but it isn't required.

CONCERNED REFUGEES FOR A RESPONSIBLE BLOODBATH

Yes, I am aware that the American President says a North Vietnamese takeover may result in a bloodbath, but what are we going through now, a snowstorm? Only Asians know how to conduct a decent, responsible slaughter and carnage with commitment. I feel that the American bombing is interfering with our way of death. Please vote for a thinly disguised surrender. (signed)________________
Cut out and send to your representative, c/o the National Assembly, Saigon. The Committee of Concerned Refugees, Bunker 6, Quang Tri City, Quang Tri Province.

Eye on the Sky

Cam Dien (the dead snake) May-June. A good day to put affairs in order.

Cam Tranh (the dead dog) June-July. Remain calm. Beware of domestic "blow-ups."

Cam Pho (the dead horse) July-Aug. Be friendly with strangers carrying guns.

Cam That (the dead pig) Aug.-Sept. Don't take positions—you may find yourself without a leg to stand on.

Cam Minh (the dead cat) Sept.-Oct. Practice serenity. Try to keep unpleasant things from entering your head.

Cam Binh (the dead rooster) Oct.-Nov. Live closer to the earth. Dig a hole. Get in it.

Cam Song (the dead dragon) Nov.-Dec. Be courteous. Let others go first.

Cam Xuan (the dead rat) Dec.-Jan. Avoid painful indecision. Tell all you know.

Cam Tho (the dead fish) Jan.-Feb. Take precautions. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of flesh.

Cam Duong (the dead owl) Feb.-March. Count your blessings. What? Well, then count sheep.

Cam Bo (the dead turtle) March-April. A great weight may soon fall on you. Plan accordingly.

Cam Loan (the dead water buffalo) April-May. Friends will look to you for guidance. Play dead.

Mao's Little Black Book

or Please Don't Squeeze the Chairman

by Dean Latimer

Population increases ceaselessly. It is only fifty-nine years since the Revolution of 1911, but the face of China has completely changed. In another thirty-one years, that is, in the year 2001, or the beginning of the twenty-first century, China will have undergone an even greater change. She will have become more densely populated than coastal India. And this is not as it should be. In old imperialist times, each local tyrant of the oppressive aristocracy was empowered to keep as many wives and concubines as he could afford and sire as many offspring by them as he could afford. Since the wealth of feudal China was improperly distributed, these oppressive landlords and their bureaucratic lackeys were each able to keep many women in a state of quadruple authoritarian domination (political authority, religious authority, clan authority, and the authority of the oppressing husband), and they each were able to support many offspring by each woman. So it is that China's present-day overpopulation crisis grows out of two criminal pre-Revolutionary injustices: feudal improprieties in the distribution of the wealth, and the subjection of Chinese women to the immoral institution of patriarchal polygamy. Therefore, action to sharply rein in the increase of population is not only materially necessary; it is as heroic and revolutionary a program as a Peasants' Revolutionary Committee seizing property from the landlord and redistributing it democratically among the People.





"This Township Achieved Zero Population Growth in the Second Year of the Great Nonprocreative Revolution" (December 12, 1971).

Procreation and All Pregnancies Are Backward-Tending

The masses have a potentially inexhaustible enthusiasm for nonprocreative coupling. Those who can only follow the old procreative routine in a nonprocreative revolutionary period are like foolish old men going out in the rain to a wooden privy when the cooperative has established a progressive communal indoors bathroom. They are blind and all is dark ahead of them. At times they go as far as to confuse fore with aft and turn things upside down. Haven't we suffered enough from benighted dray-mules of this sort? Those who simply follow the old routine invariably misunderstand the people's enthusiasm. Let something new be suggested and they are always horrified and rush to denounce it. Afterward, they have to admit they enjoyed it, and do a little self-criticism. But the next time something new is suggested, there they go again. This is their pattern of behavior in response to anything new and strange. Such people are always passive, always fail to do the proper thing at the critical moment, and always have to be poked in the arse sharply before they will start reciprocating.

"Interview with the American Journalist Michael O'Donoghue" (April 14, 1972).

Reviewing the facts, we discover that counterproductive procreation always occurs after the homonuclei of the man penetrates the homonucleus of the woman. Only when the homonuclei are joined does procreation occur. This is the same for men and women as it is for cattle and pigs. Yet it is desirable that men and women of China prevent counterproductive procreation by forbidding the homonuclei to join together. However, this is not true also of cattle and pigs. Ask yourself: Am I cattle or pigs or a truly revolutionary citizen of the People's Republic of China?

"Some Questions Concerning Methods of Procreation" (June 1, 1970), *Selected Works*, Vol. XVI, p. 178.

Dare to Couple, Dare to Come

To behave like "a forehobbled stallion trying to mount a heated mare" or "a foolish monkey scratching his arse with a ferocious scorpion," to be clumsy and ignorant, to rashly proceed with a faulty grasp of the slippery matter in hand—such is the regrettably bad style still exercised by many comrades in our Party, a style fundamentally counter to the true style of nonprocreative revolutionary practice. Freud, Stekel, Krafft, and Ebing have taught us that it is necessary to examine conditions conscientiously and to proceed from the true requirements of the situation and not from subjective fantasies, but many of our comrades persist in procreative acts that contravene this truth.

"On the Question of Effective Nonprocreative Techniques" (July 29, 1971).

The three main forms of nonprocreative sexual congress are:

1. Masturbation by one person alone.
2. Oral methods of achieving orgasm, whether by a man administered upon a woman, or by a man administered upon a man, or by a woman administered upon a woman, or by a woman administered upon a man.
3. Anal penetration.

The eight points of Superior Style are:

1. Do not press upon another person a form repugnant to that person.
2. Do not be reluctant to engage in new forms.
3. Be careful that your comrade achieves consummation, but in a nonprocreative way.
4. Reciprocate conscientiously all attentions given you.
5. Do not damage crops.
6. Do not take advantage of persons of faulty nonprocreative orientation.
7. Do not hit or swear at people.
8. Clean up the mess afterwards.

"On the Reissue of the Three Main Forms of Revolutionary Nonprocreative Sexual Congress and the Eight Points of Superior Style"—Instruction of the General Caucus of the Chinese People's Revolutionary Cadres (August 17, 1971).

"Grasp firmly." That is to say, the dedicated antiprocreative revolutionary must not merely "grasp," but "grasp firmly" his main organ in order to achieve a satisfying self-administered climax. One can get a grip on it only when it is grasped firmly, without the slightest slackening. Not to grasp firmly is not to grasp at all. Naturally, one cannot get a grip on his member with an open hand. When the hand is clenched about the stem but is not clenched tightly, there is still no grip. Some of us do grasp the main organ, but our grasp is not firm and so we cannot bring it to completion. It will not do to have no grasp at all, nor will it do if the grasp is not firm.

"On the Procreative Contradictions of the People" (October 27, 1971).

Building Our Country Through Diligence and Proficiency

Some people have read a few pornographic books and fancy themselves quite proficient, but what they have read has not penetrated, has not struck root in their minds, so that they do not know how to adapt it nonprocreatively and their styles of sexual congress remain as of old. Others are very conceited and, having learned some new styles, think themselves terrific and very cocky, but whenever a great urge comes up, they perform very differently from the workers and the majority of peasants. They discharge where the latter hold back, they procreate where the latter contracept.

"The Role of the Chinese Communist Party in the Nonprocreative Revolution" (October, 1971), *Selected Works*, Vol. XXXI, p. 210.

In order to build a great nonprocreative socialist society, it is of the utmost importance to arouse the broad masses of women so that they will enthusiastically participate in nonprocreative forms of sexual congress. Men and women must experience mutual gratification when performing nonprocreative forms. Genuine equality of the sexes can only be realized in a great nonprocreative socialist society.

Introductory note to "Women Will Lead the Nonprocreative Revolution," *Selected Works*, Vol. XXI, pp. 287-88.

With the success of the two-year plan to firmly establish nonprocreative masturbation forms among men,

many women now feel themselves neglected. It has become necessary to arouse women to actively participate in nonprocreative forms and also to arouse men who did not couple with women before to reassume their place with women. China's women are a vast reserve of nonprocreative revolutionary fervor. This reserve should be tapped in the struggle to build a great nonprocreative socialist country.

Quoted in *On Nixon's Phony "Peace" Overture and Its Historical Lessons for the World*, pp. 112-13.

In ordinary circumstances, contraceptives among the people are not effective. For if they are not handled properly, or if we relax our vigilance and fail to use them, procreation may arise. In a socialist country, a development of this kind is a retrogressive and counterproductive phenomenon. The solution is that the exploitation of woman by man must be abolished if the interests of the people are to be met.

"On the Correct Handling of Contraceptives Among the People" (December 16, 1971), speech given before the Tsingtsing People's Cooperative.

Correct Pornography



RED SKIES AT FUKIEN!

"Let the insatiable Western imperialistic militarists go and couple after the old procreative fashion denounced by Chairman Mao; the workers, peasants, and soldiers; and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals and all members of the Party and oppressed persons the world over united in Communist anti-imperialist struggle *themselves*," bravely declares Ki Wen Po, twenty-one, inventory supervisor at the Tienshui Freight Cooperative. Indomitable Ki Wen Po, after raptly studying the works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, volunteered to instruct all the women of the Tienshui Cooperative in nonprocreative methods of manual self-stimulation. Comrade Ki also writes nonprocreative revolutionary poetry, dedicated to Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

During the Great Cultural Revolution, there toiled assiduously for the People in the province of Kirin a righteously moral peasant and his puissant daughter, in a state of exceptional equality in all spheres, and unswervingly fervid in respect and admiration for Chairman Mao Tse-tung and the Communist Party. One day a traveling bureaucrat, whilst fleeing the finally erupting long-suppressed political indignation of the workers, peasants, and soldiers of Kirin Province, sought refuge for the night at the economically uplifted simple home of this peasant. The righteous peasant, unaware of the true facts in the case, due to his hard-striving but joyously-every-day-entered-upon Revolutionary toil in all fields for the people, took the traveling bureaucrat in, fed him, and showed him a place to sleep for the night. But no sooner did the righteous peasant and his puissant daughter retire than this erroneously backsliding bureaucrat crept from his bedside to that of the puissant daughter and began to urge her to couple with him after the old procreative fashion denounced by Chairman Mao; the workers, peasants, and soldiers; and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals and all members of the Party and oppressed peoples the world over united in Communist anti-imperialist struggle. Their hot altercation aroused the righteous peasant from his own bed, and he swiftly, thoroughly, completely, and totally overbore the insufficiently democratic traveling bureaucrat, and brought him up for extensive self-criticism before his Revolutionary Committee, because the righteous peasant simply did not allow such behavior in his house.

MORAL: *Only through assiduous zeal in studying the works of Chairman Mao Tse-tung can one be sure of applying them effectively to problems that arise.*

One day in the bath little Pu Tang Wi asked her father, "What is that thing between your legs?" Replied her father, "That is my running-dog lackey, little Pu Tang Wi." Later the foolish little egg-drop asked her mother, "What is that thing between your legs?" Replied her mother, "That is my untenable revanchist cliché."

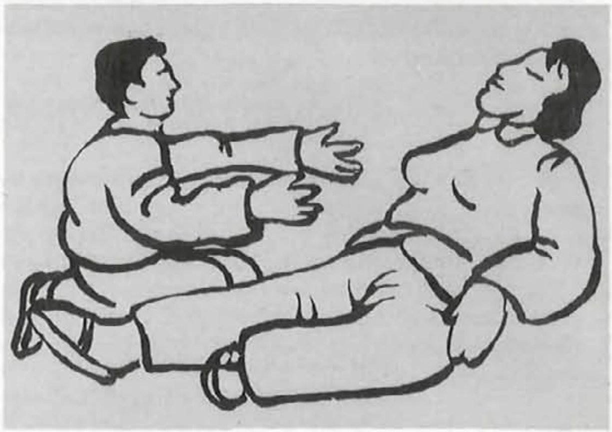
Later, the mother and father went to the haymow of the cooperative's democratically erected and drawn-from-by-all-the-people barn, and began coupling after the old fashion denounced by Chairman Mao; the workers, peasants, and soldiers; and the broad ranks of the revolutionary cadres and the intellectuals and all members of the Party and oppressed peoples the world over united in Communist anti-imperialist struggle. While they were thus committing this counterproductive procreative folly, the District Party Leader arrived at their home to discuss the season's millet quota, and was met there by little Pu Tang Wi. When he inquired where her parents were, the woefully addled child responded, "They are up in the People's barn, and father is putting his running-dog lackey into mother's untenable revanchist cliché." After intensive self-criticism before the people, Pu Tang Wi's mother and father recognized and confessed their non-Revolutionary orientation, and joyously removed to the district's May 7 Camp for new learning.

MORAL: *Even a mere child can "grasp firmly" the essential truths of the teachings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung.*

The Issue of Proper Nonprocreative Forms of Sexual Congress



Bad Style (Missionary form): Here are two unhappily addled persons perpetrating old-fashioned procreative form of sexual congress that permits the male and female homonuclei to be joined, and subsequently to procreate. The male sprout is lodged in the female furrow, encouraging fertilization and procreation. This inconvenient style is aptly named the Missionary position, because it was held forth by the devious imperialistic missionaries of the avaricious Christian Church to be the only permissible mode of sexual congress. To perform this unseemly and dangerous form, then, is to commit a lapse of style to the perfidious and despicable superstitions that enslaved China before the triumphant revolution of 1948, led by Chairman Mao.



Good Style (Hangchow form): The women of Hangchow proudly and righteously contend that they are the most vigorous women workers in the People's Republic of China, due to the conscientious exertion of their men in practicing this radical nonprocreative form upon them. "Every day our application and production in all fields is immeasurably improved," boast the Hangchow women, "since this unique nonprocreative form was devised by our workers, soldiers, and party members, following the paths suggested by Chairman Mao Tse-tung."

The workers, soldiers, and party members of Hangchow also proudly assert that by practicing this form their tongues are strengthened to shout the praises of Chairman Mao Tse-tung to the tops of the highest roofs.



Good Style (Peking form): With this form, an inestimable benefit is accrued by the People with the disposal of the man's homonuclei heroically by the woman, where procreation cannot occur. A woman can even assimilate the homonuclei without any risk of procreation whatsoever! It is called Peking form because it was first developed and successfully realized by the ingenious and astonishingly inventive workers, soldiers, and party members of Peking, following the paths suggested by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Additionally, the heroic women of Peking benefit greatly by the consequent supplement to their diet.



Good Style (Shanghai form): Sometimes when old-style procreative congress is very earnestly desired by the man, the woman can, if she wishes, offer him a convincing simulacrum by employing her anus. The workers, soldiers, and party members of Shanghai, following the paths suggested by Chairman Mao Tse-tung, have courageously pioneered this alternate route, and invite the people of all China to join them in practicing this form. "Soy sauce," they say, "provides an excellent lubricative for this form."

(NOTE: In respectful commemoration of the Great Nonprocreative Revolution, the revolutionary People's Ballet in Peking, after assiduously studying the works of illustrious Chairman Mao Tse-tung, have added to their dramatic repertoire *The Courageous Eastern Socialist Communism Triumph Forever over Decadent Western Capitalist Imperialism Through Vigilant and Joyous Application of Nonprocreative Revolutionary Style of Sexual Congress As Suggested by Venerated Chairman Mao Tse-tung People's Ballet.* To illustrate "the issue of proper nonprocreative forms of sexual congress," appropriate dramatic tableaus from the People's Ballet's fourth historic opera are placed next to explications of the three good nonprocreative forms and the main bad procreative form of sexual congress.)

The Righteous Harmonious Fists of the People's Republic of China Great Nonprocreative Revolutionary Endeavor Correspondence Club



Are you a dedicated nonprocreative citizen striving virtuously to implement the ascendence of socialist triumph over the paper-tiger imperialists of the U.S. and its running-dog lackeys in the capitalist camp? Are you sufficiently proficient and well-motivated to desire to unite your knowledge of nonprocreative styles and forms with other citizens of the People's Republic of China? Then enlist with The Righteous Harmonious Fists of the People's Republic of China Great Nonprocreative Revolutionary Endeavor Correspondence Club! Your declaration of progressive nonprocreative fervor will be broadcast on wall posters all over China, and soon your cooperative mailbox will be abundantly provided with notices from others who share your forward-looking inclinations and wish to reciprocate them. If you have a revolutionary sentiment to thus express, take it up with your district party leader: if, after extensive self-criticism, you and he or she decide that your thought is firmly aligned with the illustrious thought of Comrade Chairman Mao Tse-tung, you too can join the Righteous Harmonious Fists of the People's Republic of China Nonprocreative Revolutionary Endeavor Correspondence Club. Long live Chairman Mao Tse-tung!

KANSO—NOT GETTING SUFFICIENT RECIPROCATION from male partner? Mature peasant is past master of Hangchow form of gratifying women. All letters answered. 1715

FUKIEN—HANDICAPPED? Deputy party leader who lost right leg in Japanese invasion of 1943 joyously awaits replies from women similarly branded with mark of would-be colonialist aggressors. Let us heal old wounds together and reaffirm our zeal for wiping clean the face of the earth of all enemies of the people. 1364



HIELUNKIANG—INSUFFICIENT ORIENTATION: This foolish woman shamefully confesses that she still clings in many ways to old-style pre-Revolutionary conventions of form and conduct, especially Mandarin Culture. One would be humbly gratified to contact virtuous man or woman or couple or Revolutionary Committee willing to assume the task of correcting one to proper nonprocreative modes of congress. All letters obsequiously answered. 1289

SZECHWAN—A GOOD TIME can be always had with us! Mid-thirties; active in all spheres; working, singing, teaching, venerating Chairman Mao, and practicing adeptly Peking and Hangchow forms. Willing also courageously to attempt Shanghai form, but absolutely no Mandarin Culture. Visitors warmly welcomed. 1733



SHANSHI—CORRUPT EUROPEAN BUREAUCRAT offers freely to instruct any Chinese women who desire to learn the devious and repugnant nuances of so-called Mandarin Culture, in exchange for Peking form of nonprocreative sexual congress. Know your enemy. Contact Henri at the French Embassy. 9599

GARTOK—OLD-STYLE TANTRIC FORMS can be ingeniously adapted to present-day luminous thought of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Come to the People's Autonomous Region of Tibet and find how this puissant peasant couple applies ancient teachings to nonprocreative forms of sexual congress. 1660

YUNNAN—HAPPILY JOINED worker couple being relocated from Kansu Province to the sun-warmed southlands expects warm welcome from Yunnan comrades. No Mandarin Culture, but eager to be instructed in forms approved by Chairman Mao Tsetung. 4183



SHANSAI—EXTREMELY HIGH OFFICIAL in People's Republic capital city desires vigorous, puissant peasant or worker woman to dress him in old-style colonialist period women's costumes and inflict light to moderate Mandarin Culture on him. Discretion absolutely necessary. Permanent residence in Forbidden City for woman who fills the bill. 2787



SHANSAI—COMELY CONSORT of extremely high official in People's Republic capital city desires young men and women of progressive proletarian roots to aid her in extensive educational research of antiquated, counterproductive Mandarin Culture atrocity forms. Discretion absolutely necessary. Permanent residence in the Imperial Palace for those who fill the bill. 2788

LIAONING: "Social retrogression" grows out of the belly of a woman! Join the "irrefragably dedicated" joyous men of Mukden in "expressing" the radiant wisdom of "Comrade" Chairman Mao Tse-tung in "joyous" male-to-male nonprocreative "forms." The workers, soldiers, and "Party" members of Mukden "extend" a warm welcome to all "joyous" men of China to "celebrate" socialist nonprocreative progress with "Shanghai-form" congress! "Joyous" is great! 1070

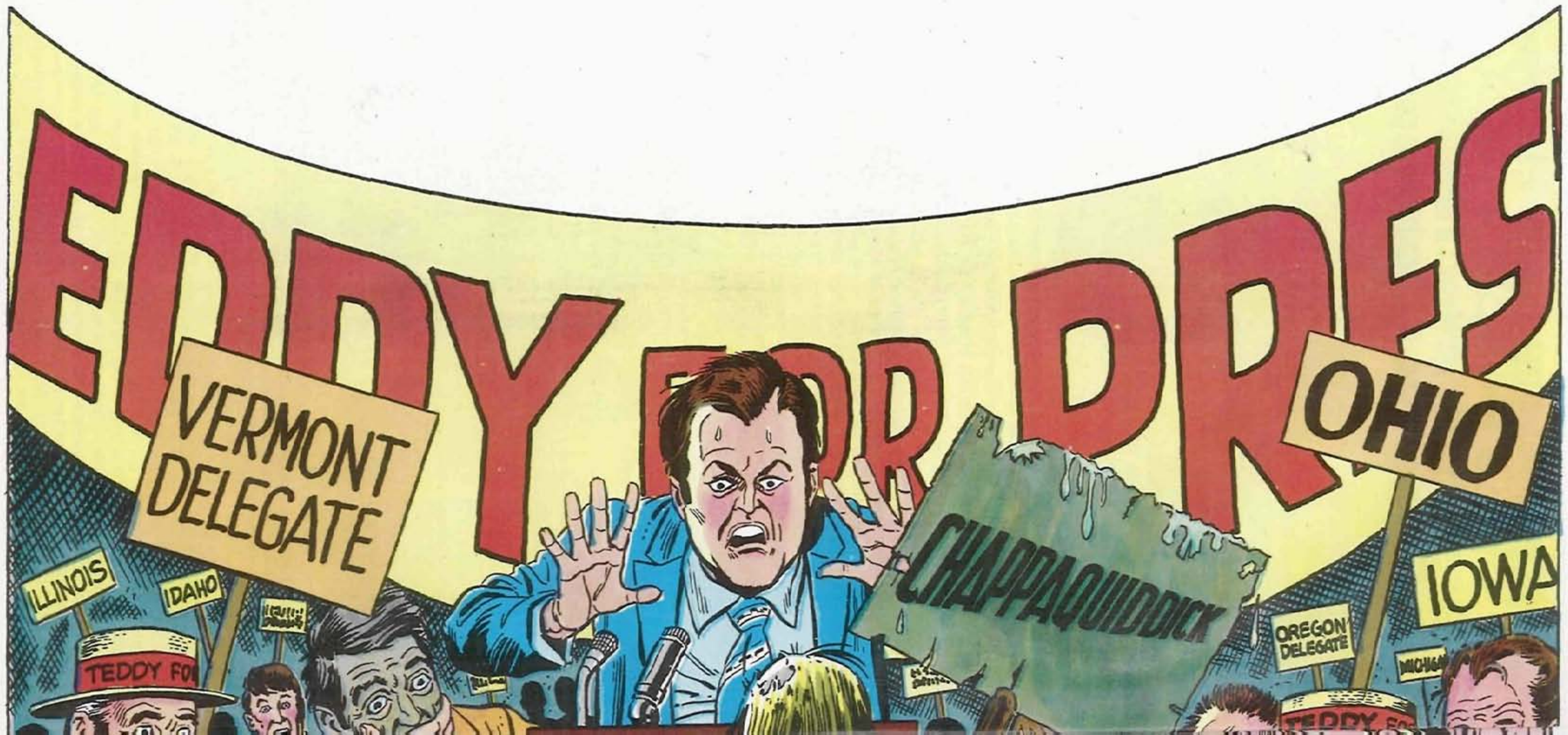
HUNAN—CORRECTED BACKSLIDER: Formerly devious bureaucrat recently graduated from May 7 learning camp wishes to learn new forms of nonprocreative coupling devised through study of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's thought since the Great Cultural Revolution. Still grievously ignorant and imperfectly oriented, but more than willing to learn. 1654



TSINGHAI—SELFLESS MAIDEN WOMAN invites all visitors to the Tsaidam People's Land Reclamation Cooperative to experience Peking and Hangchow forms as only she can apply them. Bring your entire affinity group; no one leaves unsatisfied. 3347

Surprise Poster

Number 1 in a series




UTAH
PERLIN


VINCENT CALABRESE

The way to become

The Masculine He-Man

by Chris Miller

Yes, even you can become a Masculine He-Man. You don't have to be a football hero or get into fights at tough bars. The amount of hair on your chest is irrelevant. You can even have a sensitive mind. Shit, I got a sensitive mind.

Masculinity is measured one way and one way only—by how well you make love. In a nutcup, that is what you will learn reading this book.

For the last five years, women have been calling me Casanova, Valentino, a hunk, my proud telephone pole, liver lips (in the most flattering, Afro-American sense), and that perfect combination of herbivore in the living room and wild stud Chevrolet out in the garage.

Some of the most interesting women in America have fallen in love with me—a cough-drop heiress, a celebrated popularizer of centipedes, a topless anesthetist, Annie the Witch, and, this week, two of the Plaster Casters of Chicago. On a recent cross-country flight, I fulfilled a lifelong dream by making love standing up with a stewardess in a locked toilet compartment at forty thousand feet.

In New York, three meter maids, overcome with my masculine aura, shouldered me into a laundromat and had their way with me. For a laugh, I thawed a frigid jet-setter (you'd recognize her name the minute I mentioned it), and today she is happily married to a wealthy Jew and has three station wagons.

Yet you'd never believe it from looking at me. I'm not particularly handsome or rugged. My ears are too big, my nasal hair hangs out, and I have only one nipple. My breath can strip paint. I suffer from frequent public epileptic seizures and must carry a spoon prominently in my breast pocket for bystanders to thrust between my tongue and teeth.

I am not brilliant, nor do I have a magnetic personality. In fact, I am rather stupid and vile.

Husbands and male friends think of me as that smelly kid they used to avoid in the locker room. I'm sure they believe I never "get any," if they think about it at all. But while you husbands and male friends are jealously regarding that fantastic-looking novelist/tiger-hunter with the disquieting bulge in his jodhpurs, *I'm* the one who's off in the linen closet, diving into your wife's pudding.

For, through hard work and a lot of lust, I have become a Masculine He-Man.

Which is what every woman wants.

More than good looks.

More than brains.

More than money.

More than peace at last and rice for all the people.

Men who can hold a job, cut a dashing figure, or buy her furs are a dime a dozen compared to the man who can skillfully excite the underhang of her buttock with a Water Pik, and you can learn thousands of irresistible tricks like that right here in this book!

Even if you're ugly, mean, and creepy, even if you're so covered with running sores that you have to sleep in a crib to keep from sliding out of bed, you can learn to make her feel her special uniqueness as a sexual object. For the how-tos of all this basically dirty behavior, just keep reading.

1. Sex—Jeez, It's Terrific

I used to masturbate watching the weather lady. Having tasted the delights of real flesh-and-blood women for five years now, I think I can safely say that the weather lady was better.

Nonetheless, real women are terrific. Especially now. The Pill allows you to have all the fun you want with no responsibility whatsoever. And good loving relaxes your muscles, clears up your eczema, takes your mind off the bombing, and puts you in touch with the Krishna.

You say you're not sure you can do it? You say your wazoo hasn't surpassed the stiffness of week-old celery since your grandmother caught you playing with it when you were thirteen?

Relax.

I changed my flaccid ways and so can you. I used to be such a loser you wouldn't believe it. My every attempt at initiating conversation with a woman would cause my tongue to swell like decomposing liver, rendering me incapable of intelligible speech. Then my nose would droop long taffies into my lungs so that I hawked and spit uncontrollably until my intended conquest stumbled away gagging. So I stayed home nights, crocheting.

I knew that inside I was seething with passion, rather like a refrigerator with a fire inside and the door closed. I knew that if I didn't let my emotions surface they would burn my chives and explode my Seven-Up. Outside, my decorator colors might glow with health and a good sponging, but inside—the pathos of a burst bulb, the semantic anxiety of charred chard. What would I do?

I wish I could tell you that my revelation of how to become a Masculine He-Man came to me while watching "Junior Frolics," sniffing bay rum, or carrying that weight, but actually it leapt to mind while I was scrubbing smegma from a cabbage.

Within six months, I was attracting women's stares on the street. Within another six, the stares had turned to loud verbal abuse. However, six months after that, I decided I had graduated. Nowadays, even my lunch hours are booked up months in advance. Women bums rush up to wipe my windshield and stay for their first decent mouthful of protein in years. Last week, my aunt's normally sedate St. Bernard held me in a corner, snarling and baring her teeth, until I consented to be her back-door man. Supermarket check-out girls have begun slipping their panties into my grocery bag for me to find when I get home. Attractive receptionists ignore my announcements of appointments, offering instead a special conference

continued

Illustration by Vincent Calabrese

continued
with Mary Palm and her five daughters.

But let me tell you some case histories, lest you think my breakthrough was a fluke and won't work for you.

My friend Murray confessed to me one evening that he was thirty-seven years old, had been married twice, currently had a lover, and still hadn't had a single erection in his life. I told him my secret sex program, and two weeks later, in a bus-terminal men's room, a gay youth whispered a whimsical suggestion and Murray's sudden erection cracked the porcelain of his urinal. Not bad, Murray!

Then there was Louis. Louis had a clubthumb, a sunken chest, and a face like a runny pizza. He was also very self-conscious. He had convinced himself that he was too sticky-looking for interpersonal sex and sought solace in the printed page, spending his nights at home scrutinizing split-beaver magazines.

Then I explained my Masculinity Course. Louis was doubtful, but had nothing to lose. Drawing out his life's savings, he wangled a leave of absence from his job and took his vacation that year on a remote Pacific atoll inhabited solely by lepers.

At last, Louis felt secure. He had his first sexual experience—and loved it! He spent the rest of the summer learning every way he could please a woman sexually. By skillfully mixing his partners, he was able to familiarize himself with the entire female body, and, at summer's end, he returned home to Ohio. Though outwardly he looked about the same, there was a strange new masculine aura about him. Women who had previously retched at his presence were suddenly interested. Eventually, a waitress accepted his invitation to go out, and Louis' newly acquired sexual prowess drove her insane. Naturally, he wanted to see her again, but they wouldn't let her out. So Louis met another girl. She, too, sensed that special new aura about him. They had dinner together and discovered that they both loved pistachio ice cream, Alfred Hitchcock movies, and fungus. Louis took her home and they made love. Soon after, they were married.

Ironically, a month after the wedding, Louis' special new aura was diagnosed as leprosy and he was deported.

But down to business.

2. Becoming Masculine

How exactly are you supposed to accomplish these miracles? There are four keys to masculinity:

1. C sharp
2. F
3. D
4. A flat

Memorize them.

Next, your body. Your body is your guitar. If it is beat up and out of tune, you're not going to get played by Bo Diddley. So we might as well turn you into a Gibson guy with these masculinity exercises:

Masculinity Exercise Number 1

This one is to make you more aware of your tactile sense. Gather a number of household items with different textures, like a moist sponge, a pair of pliers, bread soaked in cream soda, a razor blade, coffee grounds, two or three cockroaches, phlegm, and so forth. Dim the lights. Sit in a comfortable chair, blindfold yourself, and *slowly and gently* run your hands over the objects. Let the special texture of each imprint itself on your fingertips.

Now sit back and re-create in your mind the way each object felt. Recall the cold, chitinous backs of the roaches, and their tiny flailing legs. Remember the cool slime of the phlegm, the unexpected slice of the razor. You'll be surprised at your tactile memory.

Touch everything one more time and go drink a glass of seltzer. Rest.

Masculinity Exercise Number 2

One of the most important parts of your body for lovemaking is your tongue. It should be strong, strong, strong. To increase the strength of this vital erotic implement, ram it ten times into a tumbler of BBs or driveway gravel nightly before bed. When your tongue can pierce five thicknesses of shirt cardboard, it is a he-man tongue.

Masculinity Exercise Number 3

Size of member *is* important. I strongly advise you to consult Charles Atlas' book *How to Mold a Mighty Dong*. His coxercises are excellent for adding those crucial few inches. One suggestion: if you cannot obtain a milking machine for coxercise Number 7, try plugging into your vacuum cleaner. The drapery brush attachment is effective and quite pleasing to the touch.

Masculinity Exercise Number 4

Go out and splurge on some really sexy underpants. It does wonders for your self-confidence to know that under your clothes you are wearing an elegantly wicked, transparent black bikini that makes you feel like Joe Namath about to visit Ann-Margret.

Masculinity Exercise Number 5

This one is so important, I thought I had better devote a whole chapter to it. So keep reading and discover the importance of . . .



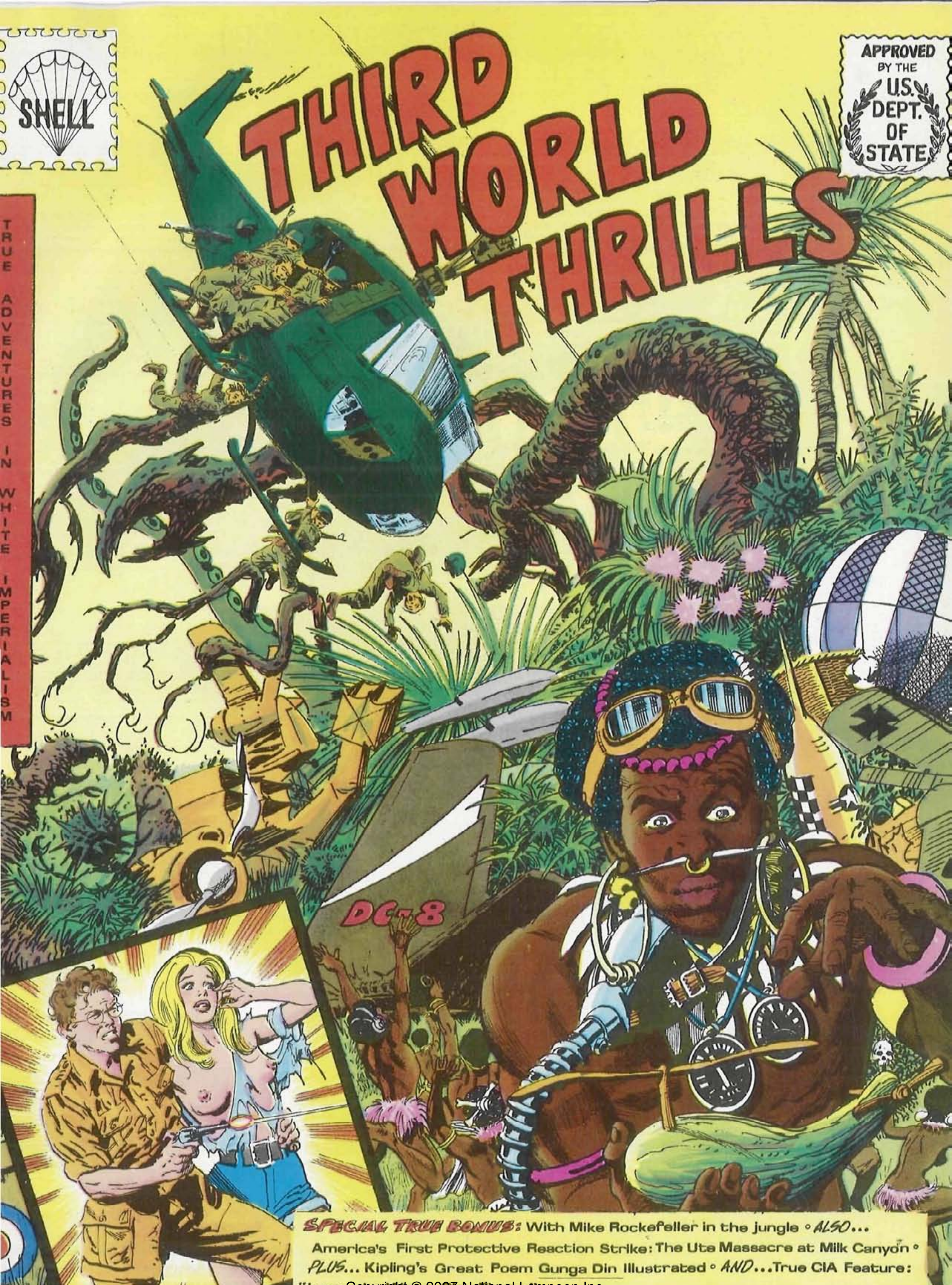
3. Whacking It

Yes, yes, I know. They say if you play with it, a little man will come and cut it off. The back of your head will collapse and you will go mad. It will lead to permanent sterility and death.

All quite true. Nonetheless, there is much to be learned from masturbatory workouts. What is your sensitivity-threshold index? Have you a uni or multiple estrus quotient? Can you hit the ceiling?

How many orgasms can you have in a single session? Some men are satisfied with one or two, others go as high as a quart. And, of course, some

continued on page 74


SHELL
THIRD WORLD THRILLS
APPROVED BY THE U.S. DEPT. OF STATE
TRUE ADVENTURES IN WHITE IMPERIALISM
DC-8
SPECIAL TRUE BONUS: With Mike Rockefeller in the jungle ◦ ALSO...
America's First Protective Reaction Strike: The Ute Massacre at Milk Canyon ◦
PLUS... Kipling's Great Poem Gunga Din Illustrated ◦ AND...True CIA Feature:

RICHARD M. NIXON, World's No. 1 Chief of State, says:

"Don't Be A Second-Rate Power"

Let ME SHOW You How You Can Be TOP COUNTRY from Coast to Coast—For Just $20 Billion a Year!

Take a good honest look at your country. Are you proud of your armed forces—or are you satisfied to go through history being a "second-rate" power? No matter how impotent you feel with your present social structure —or how docile your people—the imperialistic greed already present in your electorate can turn you into THE SCOURGE OF THE PLANET! Believe me, I know—because I was once a washed-up, has-been politico myself. Newspapers used to kick me around and make fun of me.... I was ashamed to speak at Party functions... shy of power ... afraid to run even for the bus.



HOW I CHANGED A "NO-WIN" WAR INTO A "MORAL VICTORY"!

One day, I discovered a tactic that changed me from an appeasing, backsliding bureaucrat into "The World's Most Despised Mass Murderer"—a "lightning offensive" that can make *you,* too, the terror of all developing countries ... a real SUPERSTATE from sea to shining sea ... a figure who STRIKES TERROR into niggers and gooks everywhere. . . . What's that tactic? MASSIVE OVERKILL!—the Old Persuader. No appeasement. No sanctuary and no mercy. You do just as I did. Simply take all the antipersonnel material you can develop, and drop them on the enemy of your choice every single day until they "submit to negotiations." Almost before you know it, you're TOP NATION in all the history books.

MY SECRET TACTIC BUILDS SUPERPOWERS FAST!

Just $20 billion a year in the armament industries of your country is all it takes to demoralize your enemies so much they'll *beg* to sell you their natural resources for *pennies*... swell the pockets of your favorite industrialists... build your prestige in the U.N. Security Council. Cable wire today for my catalogue of "MASSIVE OVERKILL" antipersonnel devices, showing how *you* can *decimate* any developing nation that gets in your way.

WIELD THIS AWESOME POWER: Be the envy of all nations!

Inquire now, and get instructive studies from the RAND Corporation, telling you how to remotivate your people to support your imperialistic ambitions.

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF A "DICK"



SO YOU WANT . . .

CHEESEBURGER BOMB
Next best thing to an H-bomb. Wipes out all animal and vegetable life for 300-yard radius. Leaves permanent crater 45 feet deep.



WHITE PHOSPHORUS
Even more demoralizing than napalm! Burns up to TWO WEEKS on contact with human flesh. Impossible to extinguish.



LEAF MINE
Looks like pretty-colored strip of tinfoil, but explodes instantly when touched. Very attractive to children.





My very own account of the miserable failures over which I triumphed to become President of ALL the people!

FIBERGLASS SHRAPNEL FLECHETTES
Penetrates victim's body with jagged pellets impossible to pick up on an Xray. Need we say more?



. . . THEN BUY THIS NOW!

HERE'S THE KIND OF ARSENAL I WANT:

- ☐ **MORE POISON GAS**
- ☐ **BETTER BIO-WARFARE TOXINS**
- ☐ **LOWER-YIELD TACTICAL NUCLEAR WEAPONS**
- ☐ **MORE UNMENTIONABLE ANTIPERSONNEL WEAPONS**

RICHARD NIXON
1660 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 10000

I'm not getting the respect I deserve from World Opinion. Tell me how I can redesign my industry and remotivate my people to make me Top Man on the Global Totem Pole.

Puppet Tyrant ....

Nation ....

Defense Budget ....

Preferred Targets ....



IN 1962, MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER, SCION OF A POWERFUL AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, DISAPPEARED INTO THE UNMAPPED WILDS OF NEW GUINEA. IT WAS AS IF THE JUNGLE HAD OPENED AND ENGULFED HIM LIKE SOME IMMENSE AND SINISTER VENUS'S—FLYTRAP. NO TRACE REMAINED.
CONSTERNATION SWEPT THE WORLD. THE SEARCH WENT ON FOR MONTHS. BUT ALL THE ROCKEFELLER MILLIONS WERE AS NOTHING TO THE SLUMBERING ENIGMA WHICH IS NEW GUINEA.
DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
ROCK KIN STAYS LOST
Girl Mauled in Circus Act!
Berserk Beast Gobbles Gal's Gam.
THE YEARS PASSED. THE REEKING SWAMPS YIELDED NO HINT OF THEIR AWFUL SECRET. AND SO, THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY BRAVELY CARRIED ON ITS TRADITION OF PHILANTHROPY, PUBLIC SERVICE, AND COURAGEOUS LIBERALISM.
THE ONE!
BUT WAS MICHAEL REALLY DEAD?
NEW GUINEA PIG
STORY: DEAN LATIMER and P.J. O'ROURKE
ART: GRAY MORROW
AH, QUININE... LEGACY OF A LIFETIME IN THE TROPICS!
ESSO


THE TROUBLE BEGAN SOMEWHERE OVER THE TRACKLESS JUNGLES OF NEW GUINEA. KINDLY OLD DR. SWINBURNE AND I HAD HOPPED A CHINA CLIPPER CARRYING EMERGENCY TYPHUS SERUM FROM MELBOURNE TO MACAO. SUDDENLY, TWO HOURS OUT OF PORT MORESBY...
GREAT SCOTT! THE AILERONS ARE FEATHERED! THE FLAPS ARE OSCILLATING WILDLY! I CAN'T HOLD ON TO HER!
WE'LL CRASH FOR SURE!
BY GEORGE, GENTLEMEN! WE SEEM TO HAVE FLOWN WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN FIFTY-MILE RADIUS OF THE DREAD CARGO CULTISTS, WHO DRAW AIRCRAFT DOWN TO THEIR ALTAR WITH VOODOO AND MAGIC!
THESE SAVAGES HAVE SO FAR SUCCESSFULLY ELUDED ANY ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDY. IT'S MY THEORY THAT THEY EMPLOY SOME SORT OF RUDIMENTARY PSYCHOKINESIS...
SHIT!
MAE WEST
KRRUMPH!
FRISBEE
SLOWLY I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, MY HEAD THROBBING TO THE BEST OF NATIVE DRUMS. BY SOME MIRACLE, I HAD BEEN THROWN CLEAR OF THE DOOMED PLANE. MY COMPANIONS HAD NOT BEEN SO LUCKY...
BOOM-A-LAY BOOM-A-LAY BOOM-A-LAY BOOM
I GEET DEE ALTEEMEETER!
I GEET DEE CUMPASS!
I GEET DEE SHORTWAVE RADIO!
I GEET DEE THREE DOZEN PERSONAL-SIZE AIR SEEKNESS RECEPTACLES!!!
ASTONISHED, I WATCHED THE FRENZIED CARGO CULTISTS STRIP THEIR SMOLDERING PRIZE OF ITS BOOTY!
I WANDERED... I KNOW NOT HOW LONG. THEN...
GASP! A CLEARING


THERE BEFORE ME, IN THE MIDST OF THIS FORSAKEN WILDERNESS, THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM ANY CIVILIZATION...
I SPOKE TO THE NATIVE BOY IN PIDGIN ENGLISH.
ME FELLA COME FROM SKY IN BIG FELLA BIRD. BIRD FELLA, HIM GET VERY BAD FELLA SICK, GO DIE-DIE...
YOUSE TO SEE DE **MASSA**, BOSS?
IN A DAZE I WAS LED ACROSS THE GROUNDS OF THE PLANTATION...
I GOT SUNSHINE ON A CLOUDY DAY ♫ WHEN IT'S COLD OUT ♫ I EVEN GOT THE MONTH OF MAY...
IT HAD BEEN TEN YEARS, BUT I RECOGNIZED HIM INSTANTLY.
MICHAEL ROCKEFELLER, I PRESUME?
MASSA MICHAEL, LOOKEY WHAT DE CAT DONE DRUG IN!
THAT'S RIGHT NICE, SAMBO. YOU GET BACK ON THE LAWN NOW.
IT IS MY HUMBLE® PRIVILEGE TO WELCOME YOU TO BLACKMORT, A ROCKRESORT ©. YOU JUST PULL UP A CHAIR AND SET A WHILE.
DINNER WAS AT SEVEN. OVER AN EXOTIC REPAST, I EXPLAINED MY RATHER ABRUPT APPEARANCE TO MY GRACIOUS HOST.
MY YES, GLAD Y'ALL COULD COME! THOSE UPPITY CARGO CULTISTS, THEY JUST DON'T KNOW THEIR PLACE... RESISTED EVERY ATTEMPT I'VE MADE TO CIVILIZE THEM.
HAVE SOME MORE LEECHES AND PAN-FRIED CHICKEN, SON?
NOT LIKE OUR DARKIES HERE, NO SIR. WE LET THEM PUT ON **NO** AIRS! YOU COME TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE PLANTATION AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN.
COLONEL SANDERS KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN
NO, NO! TRY IT AGAIN: "YAS, BOSS, DAT SHO'AM SOME FINE WADDY-MELON!"
YAS, DAT BOSS SHO AM SOME FINE...
SCHOOL HOUSE
AH TOTES, YOU TOTES, HE-SHEE-IT TOTES!
YES, WE HAVE QUITE A PROGRAM TO BRING THESE PRIMITIVES THE BENEFITS OF WESTERN THOUGHT AND TRADITION.
DEN DE LAWD JESUS COMES INNA DEISEL TRAIN AN' TAKE YOUSE ALL TO HEBBIN!!
TELL IT, BROTHER!
AY-MEN!
YAS, BOSS, DAT SHO' AM SOME FINE WADDY-MELON!
MEETIN' HOUSE
SHINE!
I THINK YOU CAN SEE THEY'RE ACCULTURATING NICELY. YOU KNOW, THEY'RE SO HAPPY AND CAREFREE... NOT A WORRY.
"OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS, OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS..."
EMOTE DARLINGS, EMOTE!
THEY DON'T FEEL PAIN LIKE WE DO. AND I PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT THE LIGHTER-SKINNED ONES ARE TAUGHT USEFUL TRADES!
YOU, RUFUS, ROLL DEM EYES BACK FURTHER! NOW EVERYBODY SHUFFLE!
FEETS, DO YO STUFF!
"DE CAMPTOWN RACES RU ALL NIGHT, DOO-DAH, DOO-DAH..."


ALTHOUGH MANY OF MY QUESTIONS HAD GONE UNANSWERED, WHEN I RETIRED THAT NIGHT IT CERTAINLY SEEMED AS THOUGH I HAD STUMBLED ON SOME VERITABLE GARDEN OF EDEN.
BUT WHY WAS I PLAGUED WITH DIM FOREBODINGS? WHY WAS MY SLEEP, WHEN IT CAME, FITFUL AND NIGHTMARISH?
SUDDENLY...
OWTCH! SHEET, BUCKWHEAT, WATCH YO SPEAR! DAT'S SHARP!
SHEET!
OW!
IS YO' DE WHITE MAN?
MOFFOK!
LEMME GO!
AHZ DON' KNOW, IT TOO DARK!
RIIP!
JAB!
GORE!
STAB!
CUT!
POW!
SQUISH!
I NARROWLY ESCAPED MY UNSEEN ASSASSINS!
MAMMY!
LAWSY!
SWANEE!
OPEN UP DE PEARLY GATES, JESUS! AHZ COMIN' HOME!
MY HEADLONG RUSH WAS INTERRUPTED BY A HORRIBLE CRY FROM WITHIN A MYSTERIOUS STRUCTURE THAT LAY BEHIND THE PLANTATION...
AAIEEEEE!
ENTERING THE SINISTER BUILDING, I WAS STRUCK DUMB BY A SCENE OF UTTER DEPRAVITY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THESE WOMEN? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHAT GIVES?
MY FRIEND, WHAT YOU ARE SEEING HERE IS AN EXAMPLE OF INTERRACIAL BLOOD-LETTING. CARE FOR ANOTHER LEECH?
BUT BUT BUT...
WELL, SINCE IT SEEMS YOU ELUDED MY YOUNG BUCKS, YOU MAY AS WELL HEAR MY WHOLE STORY BEFORE WE THROW YOU TO THE SNAKES AND 'GATORS.


"YOU SEE, BACK IN THE EARLY TWENTIES, IT OCCURRED TO GRANDAD JOHN D. THAT BLACK PEOPLE SEEM TO RESIDE ATOP A **DISPROPORTIONATE AMOUNT** OF THE WORLD'S NATURAL RESOURCES. NOW, THIS HIT GRAMPS RIGHT WHERE HE LIVED! 'SURE,' HE EXCLAIMED, 'AND THEY'LL JUST FRITTER IT ALL AWAY ON CRAP-SHOOTING AND CHEAP WHISKEY!' SO THAT VERY DAY HE STARTED PLANNING TO **FACILITATE** THE RELEASE OF THAT UNTOLD WEALTH, AND PRESENTLY HE HIT UPON THE SOLUTION: **A ONE-HUNDRED-PERCENT-EFFECTIVE SICKLE-CELL-ANEMIA VIRUS!!** EVERYBODY ON THE DARK SIDE OF AN OCTAROON WILL BE AMORTIZED WITHIN THIRTY YEARS ONCE WE ACHIEVE A PERFECT SYNTHESIS!
GRANDAD BUILT THE HOUSE, BUT DADDY SIPHONED OFF ENOUGH FUNDS FROM THE SOUTH MALL TO PUT UP THE LAB. PICKED UP A LOT OF PRIMITIVE ART WHILE HE WAS OUT HERE, SO WE ACTUALLY CAME OUT AHEAD ON THE WHOLE THING..."
MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
UNITED NATIONS
OOEE-OO-AH
FLY UNITED
EL AL
TWA
TO CHAPPAQUIDDICK
DETOUR
BRANIFF
HELT
HELTUH SKELTUH
HELTER SKELTER
"OF COURSE, CERTAIN OBSTACLES HAD TO BE REMOVED FROM TIME TO TIME..."
SO WHEN ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED, WE DECIDED TO KEEP SOMEBODY FROM THE FAMILY HERE ON THE SPOT FULL-TIME. THAT'S ME! ALL THESE BOYS HERE, SEE, ARE PHDS WHO GRADUATED FROM NEW YORK COLLEGES AND COULDN'T FIND WORK, SO WE FETCH THEM HERE TO PAY OFF THEIR STATE REGENT'S LOANS. THAT, SIR, WAS JUST ONE OF MY INNOVATIONS. SURE ENOUGH, I'VE MADE A WHOLE **MESS** OF CHANGES AROUND HERE...
...AND WE HAD TO BUY OFF SOME PERIPHERAL FIGURES, TOO! GAVE NIXON THE PRESIDENCY, CONNALLY THE TREASURY, MADE PETER FONDA A STAR, PUBLISHED ERICH SEGAL, AND SPRANG TIM LEARY...
YOU... YOU... YOU... BIGOT! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!
BOYS!
Esso
Y'KNOW, THIS HERE **NEW** GUINEA SEEMED JUST THE SPOT FOR A LITTLE DREAM I'VE ALWAYS HAD... WHY, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG 'UN, I MUST'VE SEEN **GONE WITH THE WIND** AT LEAST **THIRTY-SIX TIMES!**
I REALIZED THIS MADMAN WAS OBLIVIOUS TO ALL...
GENTILITY... HOSPITALITY... SOUTHERN CHIVALRY... **CORSETS AND BUSTLES!**
HEY, MASSA MICHAEL! WHATS WE DO WID DE WHITE BOY?


THINKING FAST, I CONCOCTED AN INGENIOUS ESCAPE PLAN...
IF YOU'LL LET ME GO I'LL GIVE YOU BOYS A BRIGHT SHINY NEW ROOSEVELT DIME!
ONE THING THOUGH...DON'T KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT NEW GUINEA...AIN'T NO GUINEAS HERE...JUST NIGGERS....
A'HM GWINE BEND YO' JOHNSON!
SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE. THIS INHUMAN PLOT COULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO COME TO FRUITION. THERE WAS ONLY ONE CHANCE.
POPPA'S LITTLE BABY NEED'S NEW SHOES!
...AND ALL THOSE FINE WORDS FROM THE BIG HOUSE ON THE HILL ARE JUST MORE "JIM CROW" TALK TO KEEP YOU DARKIES FROM EVER HAVING YOUR OWN FORTY ACRES AND A MULE. AND WHAT'S MORE...
LORDY!
SECH TALK!
WHERE BE DE MASSA?
VOTING RIGHTS AND NON-VIOLENT CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE ARE AT THE VERY CORE OF THE NEGRO'S RISE TO FREEDOM AND EQUALITY!
FREEDOM NOW!
WE SHALL OVER-COME!
LET MY PEOPLE GO!
IN PROLETARIAN SOLIDARITY WITH THIRD WORLD PEOPLES WE MUST RAISE OUR LEVEL OF REVOLUTIONARY CONSCIOUSNESS TO ARMED STRUGGLE AND CRUSH FOREVER THE RUNNING-DOG LACKEY IMPERIALIST...
RIGHT ON!
UP AGAINST THE WALL!
BURN, BABY, BURN!



OUTA AHR WAY, BOY! YOU GET YO' ASS CUT!
OFF THE PIG!
KILL WHITEY!
FUCK WHITEY
HO CHI MINH! MADAME BINH! NLF IS GONNA WIN!
RESOLUTELY STRIVE AGAINST THE PAPER-TIGER NEOCOLONIALISTS!
ATTICA-ATTICA-ATTICA-ATTICA-ATTICA
KICK ASS!!
DOINK!
EMPLOYING THE MASSACRE OF THE NATIVES AS A DIVERSION, I SEARCHED OUT ROCKEFELLER IN HIS CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM...
TOO BAD TO LOOSE THOSE NIGRAS! THEY SURE CAN SING, DANCE, RUN, AND PLAY BASEBALL!
WITH NOTHING TO GO ON BUT DEAD RECKONING, I PLUNGED THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOR HOURS, CARRYING ROCKEFELLER, SEEKING THE ALTAR OF THE CARGO CULTISTS. FINALLY...
COMMUNICATION WITH THE SAVAGES WAS INITIALLY DIFFICULT. BUT, OF COURSE, IF YOU SPEAK ENGLISH TO FOREIGNERS LOUD ENOUGH AND CLEAR ENOUGH, THEY ALWAYS UNDERSTAND.
I...URGENTLY...REQUIRE... A...HELICOPTER! UH... WHIRLYBIRD!...CHOPPER!... EGGBEATER!
SI, HOMBRE, BUT DEES WHORLIBIRD, HOW YOU SAY? WHAT EES EEN EET FOR US, MON?
PLAYING ON THEIR IGNORANT OBSESSION WITH THE PARAPHERNALIA OF FLIGHT, I EFFECTED A DEAL IN JIG TIME.
HOW ABOUT THIS PAIR OF AUTHENTIC OFFICIAL WW II ARMY AIR CORPS WRAPAROUND BLUE-TINT AVIATOR SUNGLASSES?
FRANCIS GARY POWERS
NO, MON. WE GOT MEELIONS DEESE SON-GLASSES!
WELL, HOW ABOUT THIS KOREAN WAR FLIGHT-JACKET WITH WOOL COLLAR?
NO, MON! WE GOT TREELIONS OF DEM.
...AW...WELL... OKAY...WHAT IF I PUT UP MY VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1, COPY OF BLACKHAWK?
MADRE DE DIOS!! GREENGO, YOU HON!
MY FLESH CRAWLED AS THE NATIVES BEGAN THEIR EERIE RITUAL.
OOH-EE-OOH-AH-AH
TING TANG
WALLA-WALLA
BING BANG


AND, QUICK AS A WINK...
WHAT THE &!...$"$%@!!?
TING TANG WALLA WALLA BING BANG
I SHOVED ROCKEFELLER ON BOARD, AND TOLD THE BEWILDERED PILOT TO FLY BACK TO SAIGON.
YOU MURDERER, YOU'RE GOING STATESIDE AND GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!
WHAT IN THE %$&#@!!?!
AND THAT'S THE STORY. THE PILOT FINALLY CALMED DOWN AND RADIOED AHEAD. WHEN WE LANDED AT SAIGON, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A WHOLE BATTALION WAITING FOR US, GENERALS, EVERYTHING. I GUESS HE'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.
INCREDIBLE! WHAT A SCOOP!
CORRESPONDENT
CIA-231
BAROOM!
YES, SIR, EVERYTHING'S O.K. I'VE GOT THE FORMULA. YES, SIR, I KNOW, BUT ALL IT MEANS IS WE MOVE UP THE TIMETABLE A FEW MONTHS... WHAT? NO, SIR, I'M AFRAID THERE'S NO WAY OF PROTECTING BLACK FOOTBALL PLAYERS. I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT... BABY WITH THE BATHWATER, YES, SIR, I'M AFRAID SO...
...A SECRET FORMULA FOR ENDING RACIAL STRIFE, CRIME IN THE STREETS, BUSSING, RIOTS, DRUG ADDICTION...
DELAWARE
IBM
BUSTLES AND CORSETS... CORSETS AND BUSTLES...
ESSO
USS
TEXACO
THE END

Redeeming Social Importance

In view of the fact that the material contained on the following pages is of a controversial, not to say blasphemous, nature, it was submitted, before publication, to a cross-section of theologians for approval and exegesis. Their responses ranged from enthusiastic to downright ecumenical. So who are you to take offense?

...Moving ... should bring the "now" generation closer to Jesus. ... Four and a half superstars ...

—Billy Graham

Extraorthodox ... neognostic ... utterly transubstantiating. ... Imprimatur!

—F. X. (Cardinal) Flotsky

The wounded rock
weeps. Wouldn't
you?

—Daniel Berrigan, sj

One must distinguish between Kierkegaardian irony and existential grossness ... nevertheless, an affirmative gesture ... what the hell. ...

—R. Neibhur

Reform Liberal Judaism has always rejected the very notion of censorship. ... Anyway, he's not my God. ...

—Rabbi I. Stein

Unum de rerum repulsivissimis ... disgustibus non est disputandum ... vomitandisque ... facile est destructare sed difficile constructare est.

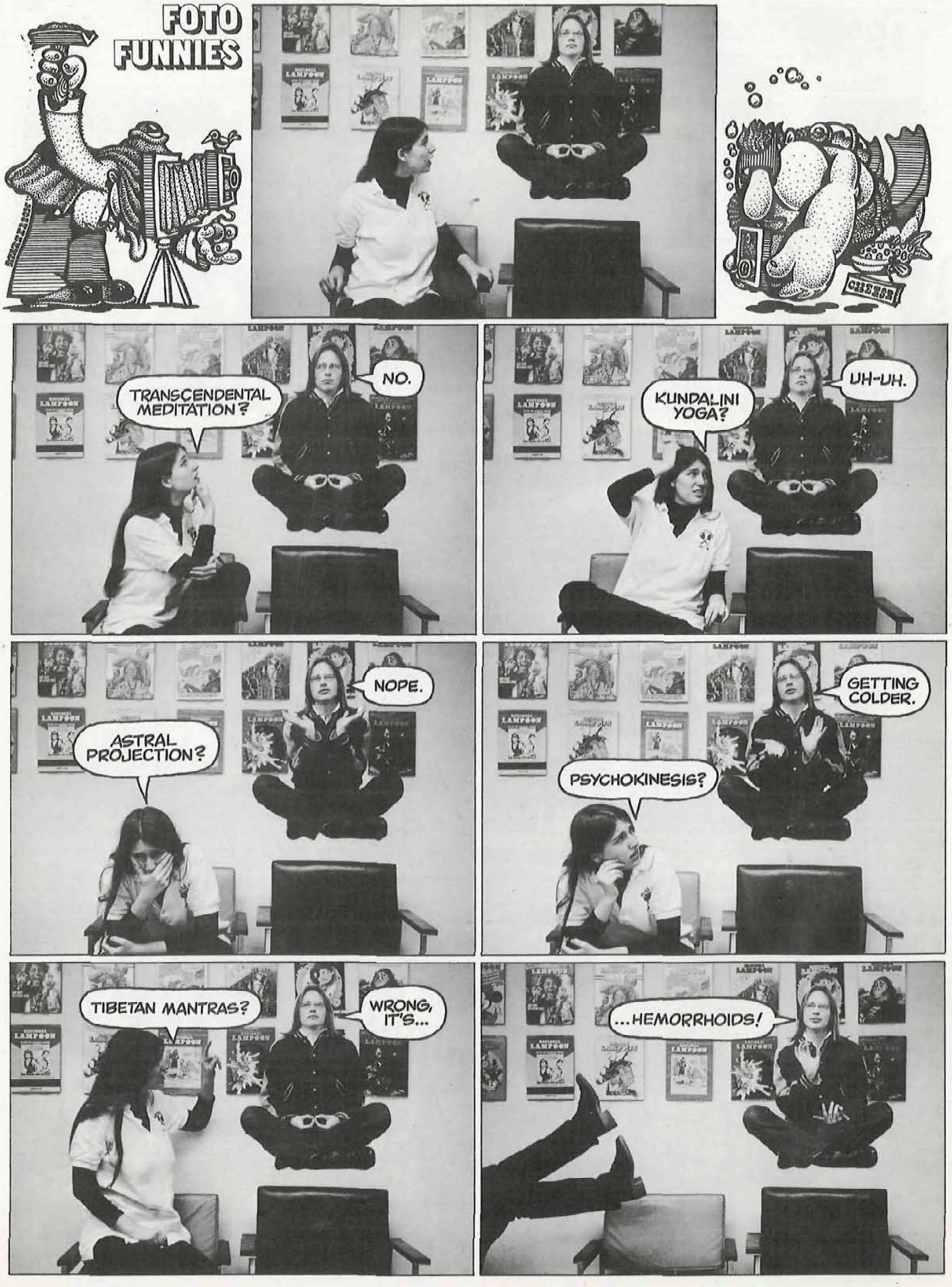
—Jean, Cardinal Tisserant (mort.)



...AND NOW, BEFORE ENDING OUR BROADCASTING DAY, WE BRING YOU...
Sermonette
WRITTEN BY ED BLUESTONE
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER
HELLO, I'M FATHER THOMAS CARLSON. JESUS SPEAKS TO US IN MANY WAYS. HE SPEAKS THROUGH THE RUSTLE OF THE WIND, THE PATTER OF THE RAIN, AND THE SONGS OF THE BIRDS. BUT TONIGHT IS A VERY SPECIAL NIGHT FOR ME BECAUSE JESUS HAS CHOSEN TO SPEAK DIRECTLY TO MYSELF AND MY VIEWERS.
...AND NOW IT'S MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE OUR LORD AND SAVIOR, JESUS CHRIST!!
THOMAS F. X. CARLSON
HELLO, LORD.
HELLO, HUMBLE SERVANT.
LORD, I'M SURE THERE ARE MANY CONFUSING THINGS THAT YOU CAN CLEAR UP FOR OUR VIEWERS IN THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW.
WELL ACTUALLY, I'M A BIT PRESSED FOR TIME THIS EVENING. DO YOU THINK WE COULD GET RIGHT INTO THE MIRACLE?
WELL, I WASN'T PLANNING THE MIRACLE SO EARLY IN THE SHOW, BUT I GUESS WE CAN PROCEED WITH IT.
PROCEED. PROCEED.
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TO PROVE THAT THIS IS THE SON OF GOD AND NOT JUST SOME LITTLE SQUIRT WE PULLED IN OFF THE STREET HE WILL NOW EAT A FULL-SIZED COMMUNION WAFER!
I DON'T THINK I CAN DO IT. MAYBE IF YOU BREAK IT IN HALF.
UH...UHM...BUT I'VE TOLD OUR VIEWERS YOU'D EAT AN ENTIRE WAFER!
I JUST DON'T THINK I CAN MAKE IT. I'M TIRED AND MY LITTLE JAWS WON'T STRETCH.
OKAY, OKAY.



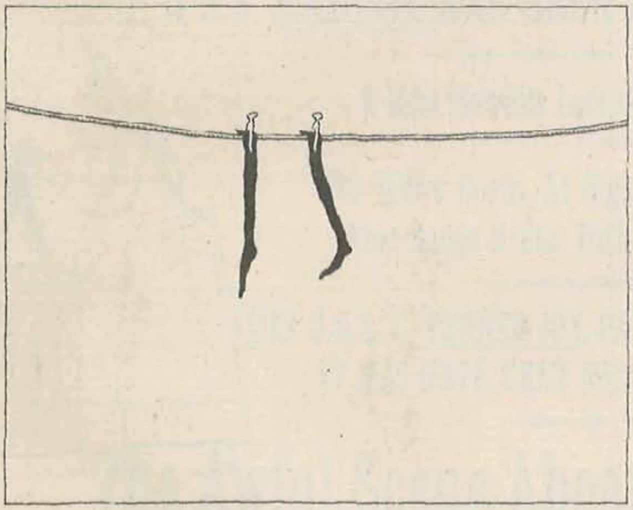
LISTEN, EVEN IF HE ONLY EATS HALF A WAFER, IT'S STILL A RE-MARKABLE FEAT! LOOK HOW SMALL HIS HEAD IS!
THAT-A-BOY!
HULP!
DON'T GIVE UP! YOU'VE ALMOST GOT IT!
KEEP IT DOWN, DAMMIT!
OH NO!
YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME—HE DID IT IN REHEARSAL!
Sermonette
"SERMONETTE" HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE ARCHDIOCESE OF GREATER NEW YORK.
WRAP UP THAT WAFER, BOYS IT'S A PRICELESS RELIC!
I'LL GET A PLASTIC BAG.
NO, LET ME DO IT.


FOTO FUNNIES
CHEESE
TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION?
NO.
KUNDALINI YOGA?
UH-UH.
ASTRAL PROJECTION?
NOPE.
PSYCHOKINESIS?
GETTING COLDER.
TIBETAN MANTRAS?
WRONG, IT'S...
...HEMORRHOIDS!

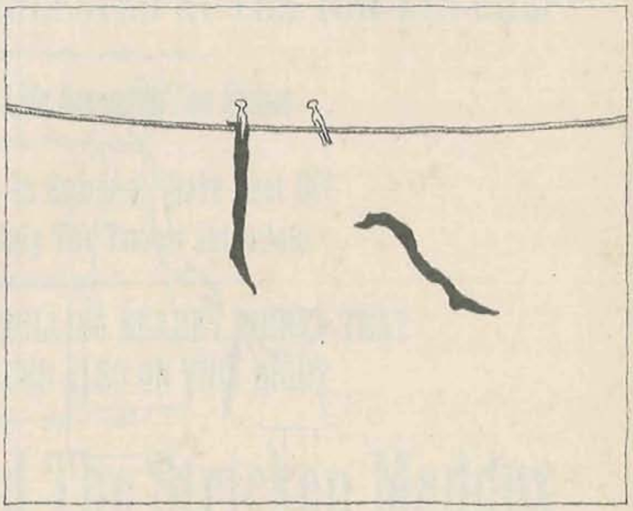
THE ABANDONED SOCK



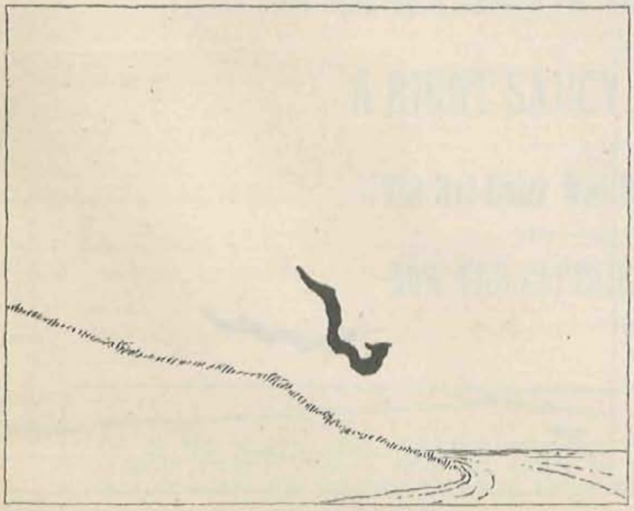
by Edward Gorey



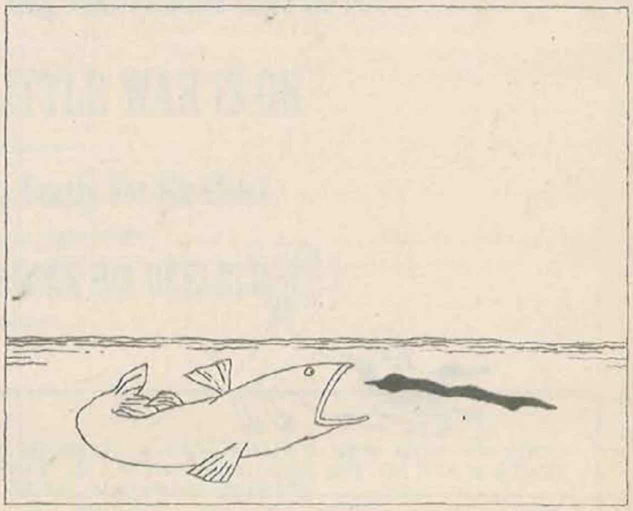
One summer morning a sock on the line decided that life with its mate was tedious and unpleasant.



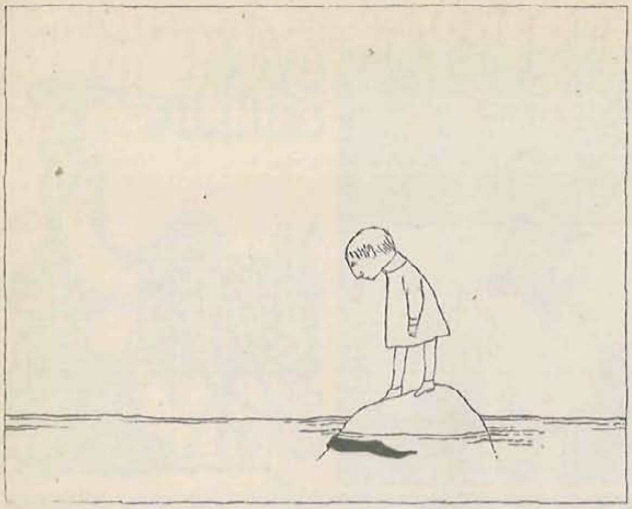
It persuaded the clothespin to relinquish its hold, and blew away on the next breeze.



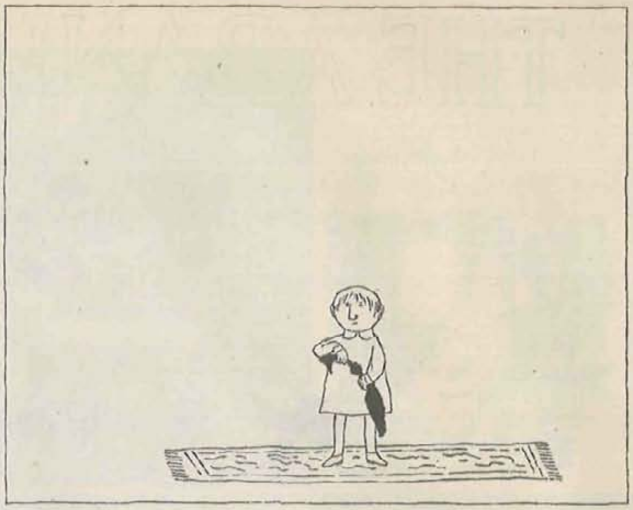
It tumbled over the grass, down a bank, and into the river.



As it was being carried towards the sea, a large fish considered swallowing it, but changed its mind.



At dusk it caught against a rock where it remained until a child found and wrung it out the next morning.



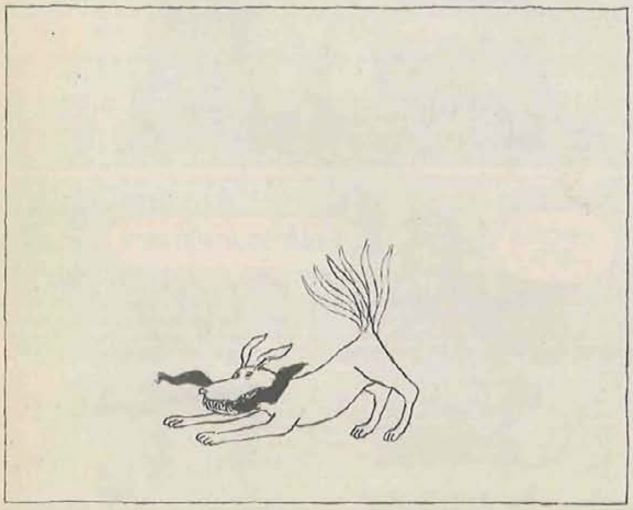
The child filled its toe with dirty pennies and then tied a knot in it which was extremely painful.



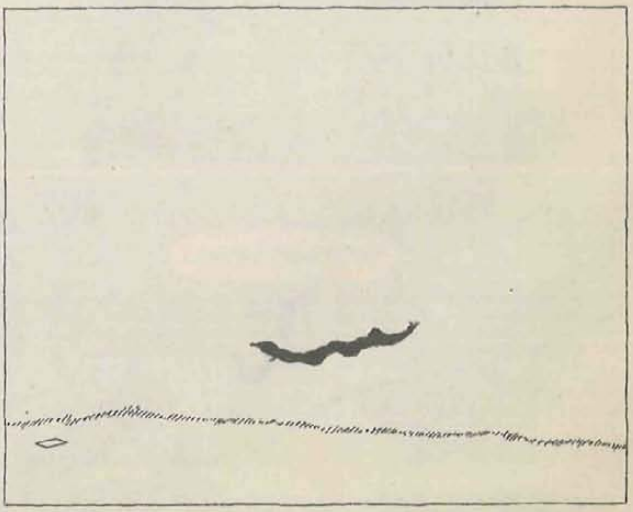
After the pennies fell out through the hole they'd worn in the toe, the child let the maid have it.



At last it was no use even for wiping furniture with, so she threw it in the dustbin.



A dog took it out again and worried it terribly.



When the dog went off to its dinner, a gust of wind picked it up.

'MANIFEST DESTINY OR BUST'

COLONEL TEDDY JINGO'S SKETCH

IF OUR BOYS ARE SHOOTING AT SOMEONE, THEN SOMEONE MUST BE SHOOTING AT OUR BOYS!

ONE THIN DIME AUGUST, 1964 OR, TWO THICK NICKELS

The Fathomless Perfidy Of The Indo-Chinese Opium Fiends

THE U.S.S. MADDOX HAS BEEN MOLESTED AT THE TON-KIN GULF!

A Most Horrible Loss Of Life Amongst The Fishes

The Yellow Devils, At Night, In Sampans, Have Shot Off Whiz-Bangs & Etc. With Only The Rudest Intentions

THE U.S.S. C. TURNER JOY, PATROLLING NEARBY, THINKS THAT IT MAY HAVE BEEN MENACED ALSO ON THIS NIGHT

The Awful Scene Aboard The Stricken Maddox

But Send Up A Huzzah For The Flag That Flinches 'Fore No Foe

A RIGHT SAUCY LITTLE WAR IS ON

The Rat-Eater Will Pay Dearly For His Cheek

HOW THE CAPTAIN BROKE HIS UKELELE

Also In This Number: WILL MEXICO GET OUT OF MEXICO? • OUR ARMY'S NEW GUN—IT FIRES ALMOST EVERY TIME • HOW TO KNOW IF THERE IS AN INDO-CHINESE SPY IN YOUR FRUIT CELLAR • AN ODE TO THE ETERNAL FERN, BY EDITH HUMBARD QUIMBY.

written and illustrated by Bruce McCall

HAD THEY NOT DONE IT, THEY WERE THINKING TO DO IT, AND SO WE MUST ACT AS IF THEY DID IT.

In Which Wise, Two Hundred Yankee Tars Would Now Lie Sleeping In Davey Jones' Locker, Murdered

AMERICA WILL NOT BE TAUNTED BY LITTLE MEN IN PIGTAILS

The President Begs Congress To Pass A Resolution, And The Solons Duly Concur En Masse

It Will Be No Hard Task To Bring The Heathen To His Knees, For His Legs Are So Short

The Siege Of The Opium Empire Is Begun In Earnest Now

"THIS IS THE WAR GOD HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR"

An Angry Nation Girds For Her Due Revenge

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT, AT THAT PLACE

It is War, and none can gainsay the awful majesty of this phrase.

The United States Dreadnought, U.S.S. *Maddox*, has on the night of August 4th been so openly menaced in the High Seas by several, or perhaps one Indo-Chinese brigantine, as to leave no doubt of an insolent provocation; and the Nation's honor—nothing less—demands swift retribution against a godless Opium Empire bent on making of every white American woman a slave, and forcing on fair America the alien yoke of a Yellow Creed.

WILL IT BE RATS, OR APPLE PIE?

Answer, America: Will it be groveling to an eight-armed idol in temples dense with the reek of incense, or will it be worship of an American Almighty?

Will it be rats at Sunday table, or will it be apple pie?

Will it be the harsh code of the coolie, the way of the jinrikisha and the chopstick, or will it be Old Glory and Civilization?

Will it be the human ant-army of the demigod Ho-Chi-Minh sailing across the blue Pacific and up the Potomac some terrible day, and will the White House become the Yellow Pagoda instead?

Will we barter our daughters to the minions of Cathay in exchange for a bowl of rice? Will Fu-Man-Chu triumph, or James Whitcomb Riley?

It is in the serene knowledge of what America's answer will be that, while this is written, our Fleet girds for revenge; the ships are coaled, the captains steady at their helms, and God is in the boiler room.

Here in Nature's cesspool on Asia's very stoop will White vanquish Yellow, bring wrongs aright, avenge a Nation's honor, and cuff the cowering chinky-Chinaman back into his lair.

IT IS PE-KIN'S PLOT FOR WORLD DOMINION

For cuff the cur, and you also cow his master. The rebellious northern Indo-Chinese colony and the rump government at Han-Oi act only at the behest and the pleasure of their masters in far Cathay, who are the true plotters of that cabal of Opium Eaters bounden to subjugate the White Races to the will of an Oriental Mongoloid rule. It is the same across all Cochin China.

It is like croquet, America. Knock one ball and it strikes another, then another, in deadly succession. So the pitiful duchies of Southeast Asia lie supine, waiting to be knocked aside by the Dope Fiend's mallet, the one after the other, until America herself should yield.

Today, the War Lord Ho-Chi-Minh, tomorrow, the Emperor Mao-Tse-Tung, must answer to Uncle Sam. Have a care, yellow fellow!

A HORRIBLE CONCANTONATION

The facts of the altercation that has seen Columbia unsheathe the saber of Righteousness are these, or very nearly them:

The U.S.S. *Maddox*, as fine a ship as carries the flag, did not capsize or much

Where Treachery Roused A Nation's Wrath



A Commodore Shows Approximately Where It Almost Hit

Had it struck, a giant torpedo-mine would have hit the pantry of the *Maddox* and sent to Oblivion most of the next morning's hot muffins. But it struck not, thank God!

list as one, two, three, four, perhaps a hundred invisible whiz-bangs and torpedo mines slithered on their lethal path across her bows. No, nor did she tremble, nor so much as tip.

There was no prior warning. Skullduggery lofts no lantern of forewarning, cries no comforting hulloos.

Plying the seas on the evening of August 4th last, on an innocent mission of sightseeing and watching out for large fishes—ever a menace in these seas—the *Maddox*, as the Secretary of War has now proven with charts & etc., had by nightfall reached about 19 degrees of latitude and 108 of longitude, at a point no more than sixty-five miles off the coast of the rebellious Northern Colony in that lagoon of the South China Sea known to geographers as the Gulf of Ton-Kin.

Nearby steamed a second U.S. dreadnought, the *C. Turner Joy*. A tender or two of the South Vietnamese Loyalist Navy may have also been in the vicinity, for spies had alerted the authorities in old Sai-Gon of a possible armada of junks, sampans, dhows & etc. sweeping down from the North to murder fishes, kidnap schoolchildren, bomb churches & etc.

This part is vague, but God and General Westmoreland know.

Its being a Saturday night 'neath a ripe August moon, many of the crew of the *Maddox*, numbering more than 120 souls counting Darkies, chanced to be above decks; for summer in the South China Sea nigh parboils a white man, and the zephyrs of nightfall proffer a tantalizing surcease.

There "up top" the lads convened, no doubt pining, in that sailor way, for Mothers, Sweethearts, and pals left behind at home in their native Land, far beyond the tossing wastes of Neptune.

THE MOANING OF THE DARKIES

One sees a Darky crooning of his Jemima. Some lads must have dozed, for a day under a tropic sun can beckon Morpheus on winged feet. Perhaps there was a singsong, or a spirited game of whist.

It was now almost midnight. The ship's engines only gently throbbed. Nary a light shone o'er the waves. All was stillness.

All thoughts must have been on the next morning's Services, except in the Negro quarter, where simple games of chance were played for buttons and coppers. The Captain, contrariwise, slumbered in his cabin.

Of a sudden, one of the watch heard an odd sound. He then heard a Darky to exclaim, "Save me, save me, I surely sees a spot o' trubble off'n de starboard bow!" The watch looked, and must have seen an Indo-Chinese man-of-war resembling a small raft or a wavelet. The gallant tar then did his duty and sounded an alarum.

WHAT THE PICKANINNIES SAW

No sooner had the first son of Ham ejaculated, than another of his dusky brethren was heard to cry out, in a contagion of fear, "Lookee yonder, be dat a Indo-Chinee brigantine ob de lates' type? Mercy, call de Cap'n, fo' we is doomed, sho'!"

Calmer heads than the excitable Darkies now assumed the vigil. An Officer has lent credence to the sighting. This worthy, for his part, indeed spied dark shapes on the horizon, in the direction lately indicated by the watch and the Negroes.

It was War, and he knew it.

THE HORRIBLE ORDEAL COMMENCES

It is at this juncture that the narrative diverges, for each lookout at each station duly reported events through the prism of his own two eyes.

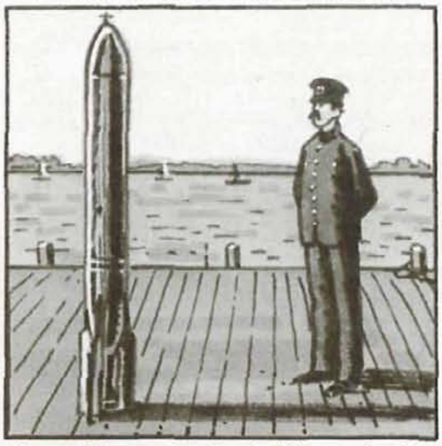
Meanwhile, the Captain, roused from sleep, took tea and dressed in jig-time, and although briefly locked in the bathroom, soon found his way to the ship's bridge and there patiently tallied in his log, in a fine hand, each successive step in the disaster.

The whiz-bangs now began; dozens, scores, hundreds of the deadly rockets spat from Satan's jaws. The seas were now aswarm with evil shapes, or would have been, had it been light enough to see them, for can there be any doubt except in a traitor's faltering heart that they were there? There, and here, and everywhere?

All totaled, the tally numbered within the first five minutes 1,326 torpedoes, four submarines, and fifteen Indo-Chinese men-of-war, attacking simultaneously from all directions.

MOTHERS, TURN ASIDE

For This Is A Picture Of Death, Naked



Most awful to contemplate is this torpedo-mine. It is American, not Indo-Chinese; but the Indo-Chinese would use such if they had them. The torpedo-mine is standing upright, to the left of the picture's center. That is an Officer on the right side. He is also standing upright.

BUT FAST HELD THE CREW, EVERY MAN JACK

Guns volleyed in the inky vastness, but the lads continued to spring round and round the ship, exclaiming to each other and pointing this way and that. Those months of training were now bearing fruit.

"I see one!" cries Ned. "I too see one!" choruses Sam. "And as for myself, I spy two—or make it three!" chimes in Buster.

The guns sounded now as thunder sounds, and a Darky claimed indeed that it *was* thunder, not guns. But in the melee of 3,256 torpedoes, ten submarines, and thirty-one Indo-Chinese men-of-war, what is the word of a Darky worth; and what is more likely in a battle, thunder or guns?

Guns, not thunder!

Not a shot had yet landed square on the ship, or near her; for the heathen rat-eater was marked by God at the Creation with tiny slanted eyes too weak to sight a cannon or aim a whiz-bang across a watery fastness.

And who is to say of how much opium the Indo-Chinese coolies of the rebellious Northern Colony had partaken for *false courage against a fearsome Uncle Sammy*?

The drug blinds men. They shoot awry. All the while, they think they have hit their mark. Such is opium.

THE ETHER IS CATACLYSMICALLY RENT, NEARLY

The Bos'n or a similar rating recollects thinking that a whiz-bang must now be very near to striking the *Maddox* in her magazines, and tells that the very air was poised to rend a most powerful rip with the explosion. Only, just then the ship heaved to port, or perhaps starboard, and the invisible shot was denied her prey. No other explanation can suffice.

Another man, only a stoker second class, has told this Correspondent that three in his cabin slept the whole alarum through, that their snoring kept him awake, and that such a commotion of exploding whiz-bangs as was reported on the bridge was not heard by him.

What the stoker took for "snores" were cannon volleys and whiz-bangs, he was told; and he only dreamt that he was awake, else he would make the Captain and his Officers and the President himself wrong or foolish men.

Or is this stoker—of a darkish cast and probably Papist leanings—an agent provocateur, or a sympathizer to the opium cause, stirring mischief?

A LAUGH AT THE YELLOW MIDGETS

It was now well past midnight in a night without end. But something there is in the Yankee sailor spirit, when surrounded by 6,425 whiz-bangs and sixteen submarines and ninety-seven Indo-Chinese

The Call To The Colors

AN AVALANCHE OF YOUNG AMERICAN MANHOOD RESPONDS TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND GENERAL WESTMORELAND, OR WILL ANY DAY NOW.



The Recruiting Depots Are Swamped By Fighting-Mad Boys. The Draft lets even Rastus don khaki and defend the American Way of Life; the knowledge of all this means must account for the demeanor of the Darky shown in our picture. (He is betwixt two guards.) "I is fightin' mad!" says the simple Negro boy. And for good reason!

men-of-war, in an all but hopeless noose drawn tight by the yellow midgets' treachery, that only soars.

The lads laughed and sang in this their most perilous hour, it is now learned; or would have, had they but thought to do so; and even Sambo, in the happy way of the tar-babies, chuckled and danced.

Shriek on, O imminent whistle of possibly deadly shot. It is Yankees with whom you trifle, not your own sniveling breed! This was what was in all their hearts—or would have been had they but known it should be.

A GUN IS SUDDENLY RECALLED

But even Uncle Sam can forebear only so much before he must, in Humanity's name, render his tormentor a deserved rebuke. Thus was the ship's gun remembered in a flash, and found, and made ready; a shell to fit her muzzle located, unpacked, turned right-end-round and fitted into place, a crew located in turn, the various and sundry levers and knobs all set and primed.

Now the *Maddox* could lash back at her unseen tormentors, skulking in the gloom. Targets fair abounded, what with 9,854 whiz-bangs and thirty-three submarines and 112 Indo-Chinese men-of-war, all milling about under Heaven's lowering black shroud.

The Captain pronounced his order. It was "Fire!" or a phrase to that effect.

This Correspondent has learned that the next moment was Glorious. The gun, as if by magic, indeed as if an angry Almighty Himself had cried, "No, let *me*!" and bounded to the breech, jammed only once or twice, then went off with a bang.

"Bang," went the gun.

For a certainty, though no telltale detonation was observed or fire sighted (the Indo-Chinee is too stealthy for that by half!), brigands by the score must have been forcibly transported back to their sinister ancestors in that squalid yellow Valhalla behind the beyond.

WHAT OUR BRAVE LADDIES SANK

What the gun sank may never be known. But only think, Dear Reader, that God's aim is true—truer, indeed, even than the best eye in the best turret in the best Dreadnought of the United States Naval Fleet.

Buddha's abacus, Dear Reader, had no rest that night. Nor will it for many a night and several, now that Uncle Sam's patience is worn thin and America is on the march. For the insolent provocation against the U.S.S. *Maddox*, Gentle Peruser, has begun a new American Adventure; and not even our President knows at this writing where it will end.

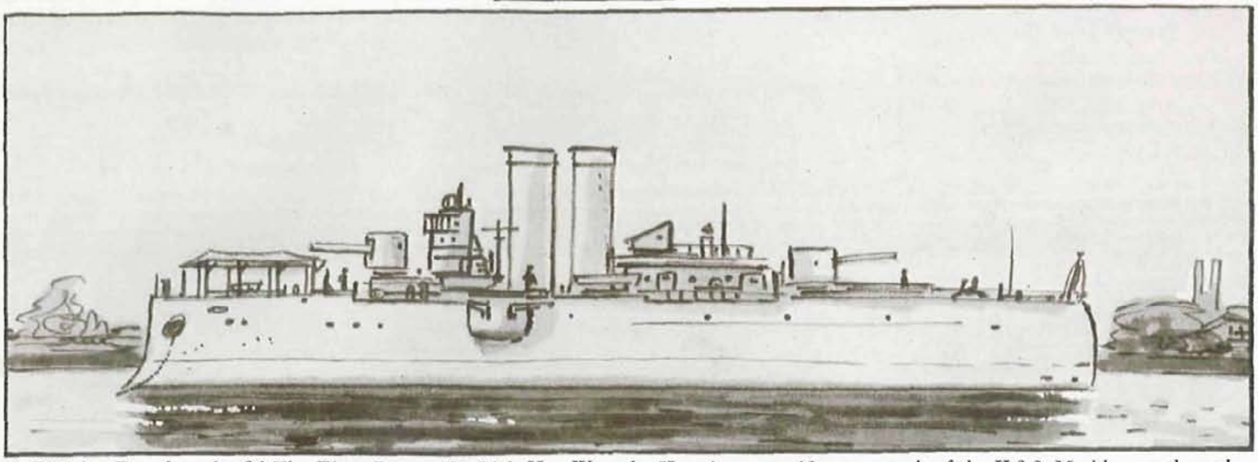
Young Lads, Here Is An Amusement For You!

Colonel Teddy Jingo says, "Cut out this nice little thing, then paste it on the front of your scribbler!"

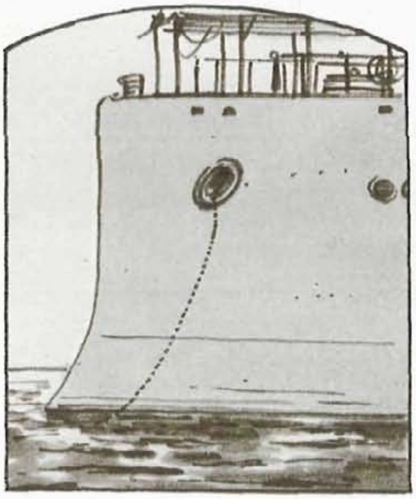


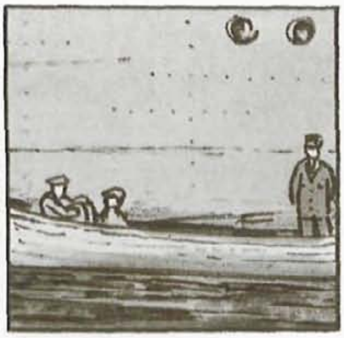
Color this nice thing with crayons, or have the maid do it.

THE SAGA OF THE MADDOX: A PICTORIAL TABLEAU

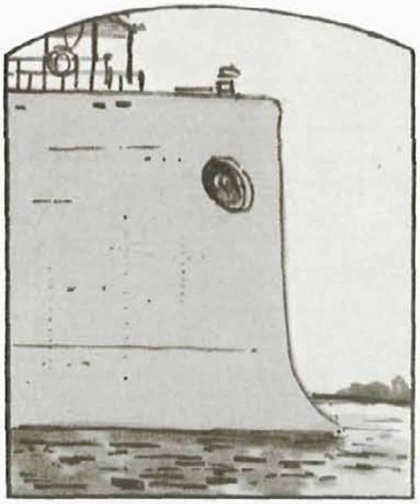


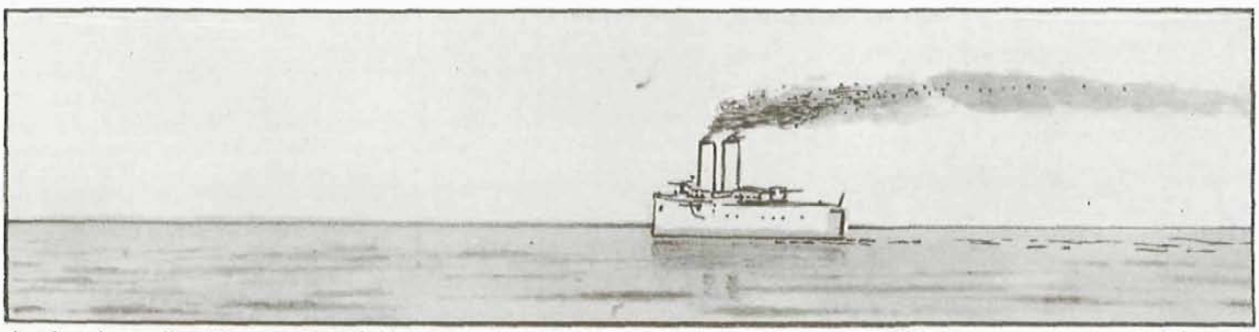
A Fighting Dreadnought Of The Fleet Pauses To Lick Her Wounds. Here is a magnificent portrait of the U.S.S. *Maddox*, made exclusively for *Colonel Teddy Jingo's Sketch*. She is seen at a coaling station, taking on fresh fuel and repairing the ravages of War. Much crockery was broken in the galley. She is a stout ship; observe that she betrays no sign of the recent Indo-Chinese onslaught. Every street urchin in Old Sai-Gon now babbles of her gallant stand. Even the Yellow Race knows Heroism when it occurs!





What The Damage Party Found. A report will soon be made by the Secretary of War. Meanwhile, we can see signs of the fierce engagement everywhere. Observe the two missing rivets.





Another Astounding View Of The Maddox. Here, the invincible waterborne centurion of the Christian cause steams toward the open sea. If she should tempt the opium-crazed upstart from his hole, so much the better; for the *Maddox* is now spoiling to give the pygmy minions of Ho-Chi-Minh the licking deserved by all who would spite the Dear Old Stars and Stripes.

continued from page 50

poor schlemiels can't get it up at all. We'll solve *that* nagging problem now.

Erecting the Bell Tower

First, some definitions. The rounded head of your member is called the *German helmet*, after that peculiarly Teutonic headgear we all came to know so well during world wars I and II. Beneath it is your *stalk*, then your *veldt*, then your *purse*, containing two *cojones* (co-HON-ase). Connecting *German helmet* to *stalk* is a vertical membrane called the *plynth*. And that small, grinning mouth in the center of your *German helmet* is your *slindle*.

Are you ready?

Pick a time when you are assured of privacy. Take your phone off the hook, turn down the lights, and whip it out. Yes, it's very ugly, but look at it anyway. Now touch it. Oh, come on, touch it. Hold it gently but firmly.

Slowly and sensually, lubricate your *German helmet*, *plynth*, and *stalk* with any common household lubricant, such as baby oil or mayonnaise. Hum the "Theme from Victory at Sea" or some other romantic caprice. Is your cucumber getting ripe? It should be, but if it isn't, keep rubbing. DO NOT INSERT PENCILS OR OTHER LONG, THIN OBJECTS INTO YOUR *SLINDLE*. BE PATIENT.

Manipulation with Mechanical Devices

1. Vibrators can be seismic. The clerk in the drugstore may snigger at you, but up his. Used correctly, they could even raise a hard-on from my Uncle Durward, and he's dead!

2. The common home stereo system also proves to be deliciously exciting. Put on a Led Zeppelin album, jack up the bass response, and snuggle up against that woofer. Uhmmmm.

Manipulation with Animal Fats

Refer to any good cookbook to learn the process of larding. A friendly butcher can be a big help here.

Manipulation with Domestic Pets

1. Dogs can be trained to do anything. I have friends who are ecstatic about their canine experiences. Unfortunately, it is difficult if not impossible to untrain the dog when you wish to move on to members of your own species, and, all too often, the heartsick pooch must be shot.

2. Try sliding onto your erect member the liver-lined hub of a gerbil exercise wheel. You will find that these little fellows are tireless runners.

If, after all this, your member is still flaccid, slam a window on it. Women love a man in a cast.

4. Sex: Is It Evil?

It's taken us twenty centuries to get here, but the majority of people finally believe that sex between consenting partners is a natural and respectable part of an adult human being's life.

The joke's on them. Sex today is as immoral, lewd, sinful, and much fun as it ever was.

5. Making Her Think You're Cool

She'll never go for the real you, you understand. Inside, you are still a frightened little boy, making kaka in your pants. By skillful role-playing, however, you can make her *think* you're cool long enough to get into *her* pants.

Appearance

Luckily for you, she can't tell a book by its cover. Many a chewing gum has greatly increased its sales by adopting a colorful new wrapper, and, if you want her to chew on yo' Wriggley, you'll do the same.

The art of appearance is complicated nowadays by the social imperative that your carefully contrived look seem accidental, or "real." A shortcut: dress as you normally would, stand under a shower for five minutes, let the wind of several fans dry you.

You'll be amazed at how fast and easy it is to walk away from your current look and step into another. All it takes is a little work and a total absence of integrity.

What to Say

The safest bet here is to be wishy-washy and noncommittal. Let her take the conversational lead, and you respond with comments like "Far out" and "Too much." If you just don't disagree with her, she'll think you're on her side. Good. Soon you'll be handing her your weasel.

Cleanliness

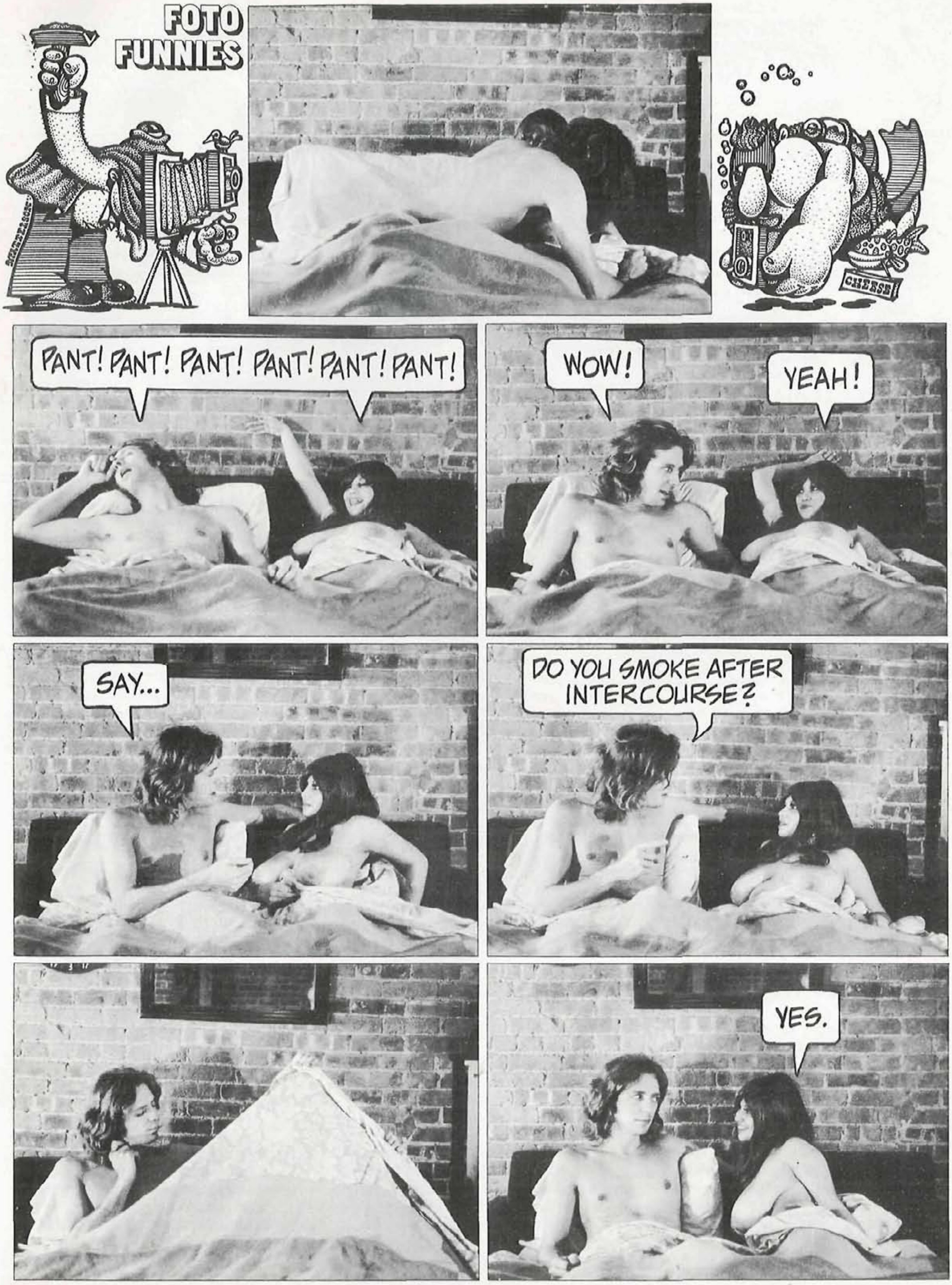
Due to an American phobia against reality, our women prefer men who are clean and unblemished.

Bathe often with a soap containing an antibacterial agent, like ammonia or lye. Then use a deodorant, an antiperspirant, a depilatory, and, last of all, a fast-drying, unscented vinyl spray over your entire body to "fix" you in your clean, pure state from the time you pick her up until you collapse from cell asphyxiation several hours later.

If your nose persists in dripping unsightly mucous, have it removed and invest in a plastoid-tin replacement.

Bloodshot eyes not only offend, they can get you arrested. If you can afford it, there are cosmetic surgeons who will permanently remove those tiny veins from your eyeballs. If not, you can find commercial salves that temporarily bleach redness while guaranteeing you at least 55 percent of your vision.

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FOTO FUNNIES
CHEESE
PANT! PANT! PANT! PANT! PANT! PANT!
WOW!
YEAH!
SAY...
DO YOU SMOKE AFTER INTERCOURSE?
YES.

Calling Dr. Hitler

by Michael Olshan

Remember how "Dr. Kildare" and "Ben Casey" used to hot you up for medical school, pneumatic nurses, and, shucks, maybe an eventual Nobel Prize for your discovery of a cure for Indian burns? Luckily for your "patients," you flunked chemistry and opted for insurance investigating at midsemester, but who isn't still fascinated with the "behind the scenes" operation of a big metropolitan hospital?

The following is a bona fide list of medical slang culled from anonymous donors now carving at institutions of healing in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Los Angeles. Now, the next time you find yourself in a hospital, you won't have to wonder what that giggling intern meant when he dropped terms like . . .

A.K. An above-the-knee amputation.

Allanstreet Pathology Department.

B.K. A below-the-knee amputation.

box To die, as in: "This one was boxed when I found him this morning."

cool Again, to die, as in: "The next thing you know, he up and cooled on me."

crock A hypochondriac, as in: "Nurse, if this crock buzzes, don't break a leg getting there or he'll drive you nuts all night."

crump A patient requiring intensive care, incapable of movement, and apparently unaware of his surroundings.

crunch The aftermath of a major auto accident. A crunch is often multiple, as in: "Man, I was up all night trying to pry a five-man crunch apart."

cut and paste Also, *open and close.* A patient is opened surgically and found to be beyond help, and is immediately sewn up again. Well, almost immediately, anyway. Sometimes the younger surgeons will practice a few surgical resections for an hour or two before closing the patient.

calling Dr. Blue A public-address code meaning, roughly: "Listen, if anybody's got a minute, please rush to this operation and see if you can figure out what the hell to do with this guy. Beats me."

calling Dr. Reaper Somebody's patient has just been boxed. Come fess up and claim him. Rarely used, for obvious reasons.

code 3 The emergency resuscitation team.

disimpact Also, *bobbing for apples.* The unclogging of the tract of a superconstipated patient with the finger. Traditionally performed by doctor in training.

D.N.R. "Do not resuscitate." A note to the attending doctor that the patient is beyond hope, and, for reasons usually related to the need for space, if he cools it, he is *not* to be revived. Hence the jocular expression: "T.L.C., but D.N.R."

drooler A catatonic patient.

fascinoma From the Greek "*-oma*" meaning "tumor." Literally, "a fascinating tumor," but actually referring to any interesting or amusing malignancy.

final diagnosis The final consultation of doctors after the patient has been boxed.

F.L.K. "Funny-looking kid." Usually mongoloid.

F.L.P. The parents of an F.L.K.

gnids Gonorrhea.

gomer A senile, messy, or highly unpleasant patient.

gork A crump.

haircut Syphilis.

horrendoplasty A difficult operation, often lasting eight to nine hours. Very hairy.

L.C.H. "Local city hospital." An uninteresting case not suitable for the edification of doctors in training. To be transferred to the local city hospital for treatment.

liver rounds Hospital P.A. system code for an after-hours cocktail party.

L.M.D. "Local medical doctor." Normally derisive, as in: "That stupid L.M.D. not only missed the diagnosis, he didn't even describe the *wrong* one right." Occasionally, *L.C.D.*, meaning "lowest common denominator."

marriageable monster A young female patient who has successfully undergone major plastic surgery.

Mom's Milk of magnesia.

monster An F.L.K.

nine f'er Facetious description of a typical gall-bladder patient: "Fat, fortyish, fecund, flatulent female with foul, frothy, floating feces."

no code T.L.C., but D.N.R.

no orders Normal procedure for monsters. No food, no water, no oxygen, no nothing.

Northeast Yellowbird Patients subject to "liverflap" syndrome resulting from cirrhosis of the liver. Refers both to skin color and tendency for patients to spasmatically jerk upper arms as if attempting takeoff. Restricted to hospitals in Northeast Airlines flight lanes.

out Boxed.

pass gas To emit flatulence.

pill bottle A crock.

pinhead An acephalic monster, usually on its way out.

pinky cheater The latex finger-cover used in gynecological and proctological examinations.

plug I.V. into wall suction Wish-fulfillment fantasy of a doctor with a difficult patient. "I.V." is his intravenous vine or tube through which transfusions are given. "Wall suction" is the vacuum pump inset in the wall. If the patient's I.V. were attached to his wall suction, he would be drained of his blood before you could say "Bela Lugosi."

proctologia fugix Literally, "fleeting sphincter." An inexplicable spasm of the sphincter muscle. By association, a character appraisal.

pull the plug To disconnect the machine (heart-lung, hemodialysis, etc.) and help the gork "out."

quiet room Padded cell.

road map A form of injury usually the result of going through a windshield face first.

shifting dullness Symptom of a specific ailment, but, by association, an intern's regular rounds.

shock shop Room where electroconvulsive therapy is administered.

silver goose Proctoscope.

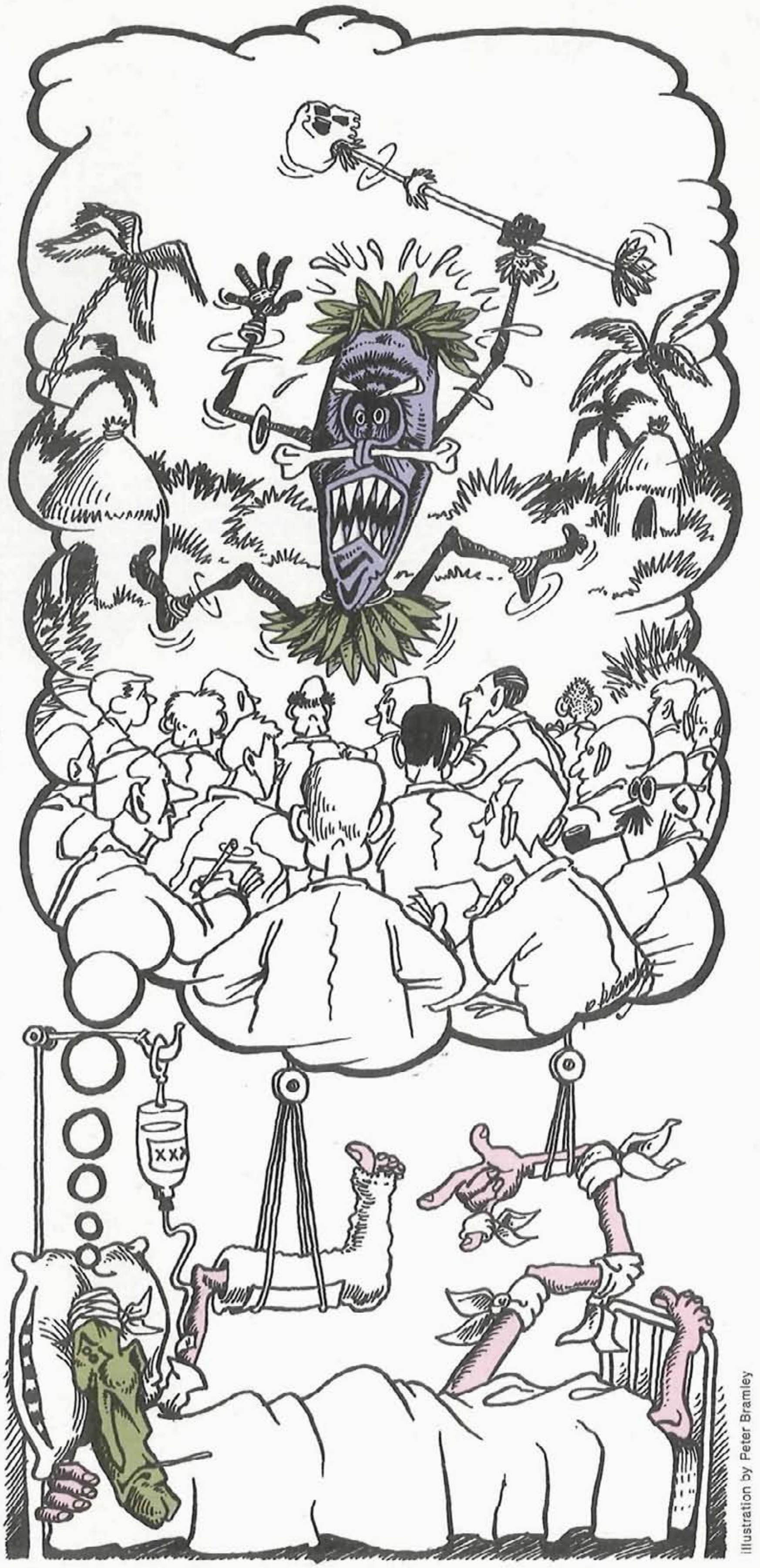
squash Brain.

sundowner A patient prone to violence only after sunset.

3-H "High, hot, and a helluva lot." An enema.

vegetable A gork in a permanent coma.

x To box. As in: "The gork in 3-B was x'd to make way for a gomer." □



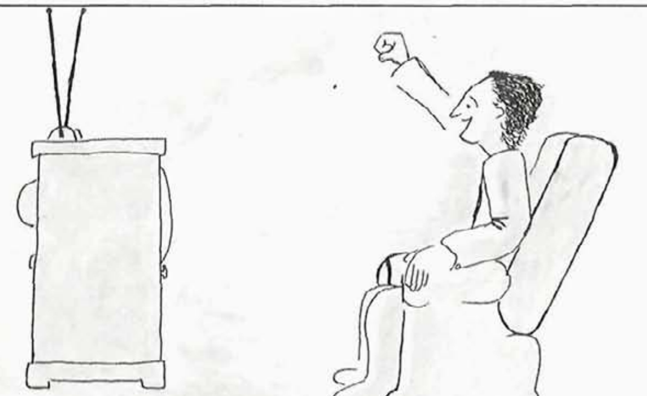
The Worst Cartoons in the World

by Brian McConnachie

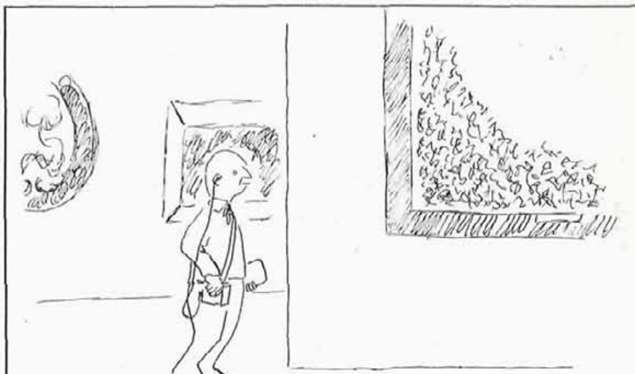
The following cartoons are the worst ever published by the *National Lampoon* (or indeed by any magazine in publishing history, with the possible exception of an incomprehensible series of oil-and-blubber washes run in the May, 1898, issue of the *Reykjavik Harpoon*, a satirical whaling monthly). Anyhow, the reason we're running these is that the guy responsible for them is really a funny funny person. He can make any dinner come alive. Really. We had dinner with him the other night and he was hilarious. Just hilarious. If you'd been there, you would of laughed your ass off. You wouldn't know it from this stuff, but he really was. By the way, we wouldn't like to give the impression that, just because we're running this dreadful stuff, any struggling young artists can send in their dreadful stuff in the hopes that we'll print it, because we won't. We're just running this stuff because this guy's our friend and he has dinner with us.



"That's right,Elliot, go ahead and laugh. What do you know of love?"



"Rip your niece's blouse off, Sky King. She's not really your niece. She's only an actress."



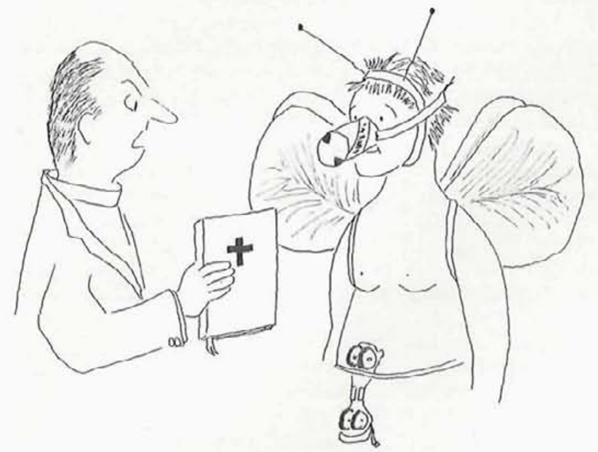
"Say ahh . . . there's no one here . . . ah . . . why don't you just slip out of your clothes and run around like a wild animal."



"Hello, Parkway Drugs . . . do you have Prince Albert in a can? Well let him out, he's got VD. Ha ha ha ha . . ."



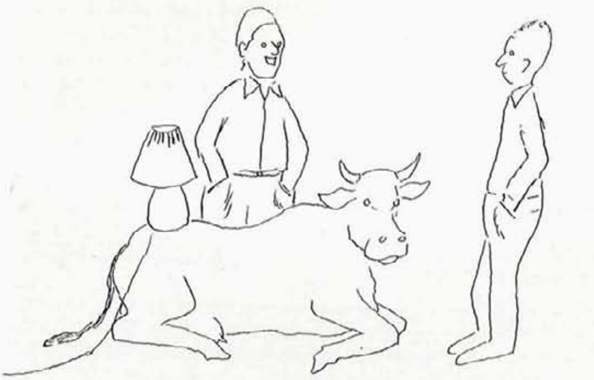
"Listen, honey, these people are all professional. If we'd had a baby, they would have brought us a baby."



"Now when I say, 'By their fear they express their hope,' that's your cue."



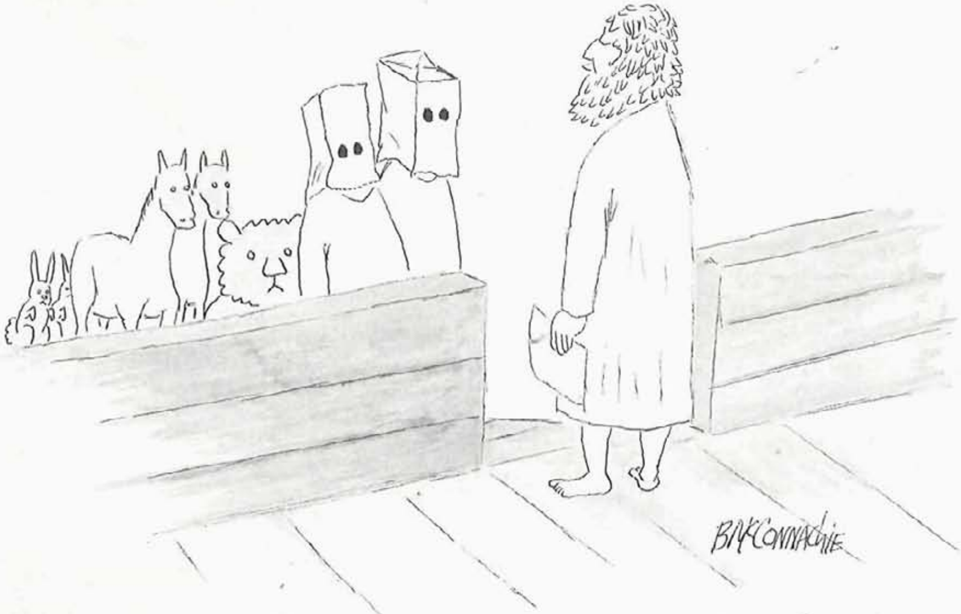
"A cartoon was supposed to go here but something happened, so I'm filling in. You tell me a knock-knock joke, and I'll laugh. . . . Who's there? . . . ——who? . . . Hahahahaha. Good one."



"Actually, it's more than a cow, Jeff. It's also a handsome piece of furniture."



"Now quick, spell rhinoceros."



"Let us aboard. We're a pair of monkeys."

continued from page 74

The Hazards of Sex

Venereal taint is the unsung fringe benefit of promiscuity. Syphilis and gonorrhea lend incredible status with the guys, and crabs, while publicly reviled, are really very cute and more loyal even than dogs.

6. Bedroom Threads

I'll bet you're one of those hamburgers who strides into the boudoir with nothing on but a hard, and expects applause. If I were that woman, I'd throw vegetables at you.

What you wear to bed is important. Let's run down some of the classics.

An astonishing number of women are wild about leather jackets and cowboy boots. Others smack their lips and go into a carefree shuffle at the contrasting textures of feather boa and gun belt. I myself find this sort of thing garish, but if my woman climbs the bedpost and howls like a coyote at me in boots, I don't wait to grab a shoehorn.

Some women find a pair of glasses and a false moustache worn at the groin arousing.

Be imaginative. A hippie friend of mine decorated an old mailing tube with crayoned marijuana leaves, secured it about his member, and offered his old lady a toke. It drove her wild and she practically devoured him. Strangely enough, she also got high.

I think an example will illustrate just how important what you wear to bed can be.

Mark and Marylyn had been married three years. Until recently, Marylyn was berserk about Mark in bed. Then he noticed that slowly, almost imperceptibly, her interest was ebbing. No longer did she steal up behind him as he worked at his typewriter (he is a fisherman) and drape her breasts over his eyes. Gone were the days when she would send him off to work each morning with a sly finger up the back of the bum just as the elevator doors were closing. What was happening to his marriage?

When Marylyn announced she was leaving for two weeks to "sit at the bedside of a dying old friend," Mark knew he was in trouble. While she was away, he worked like a fiend. He went to Mr. Sampson's Emporium and purchased a Little Richard wig. He replaced his fingernails with tiny mirrors. He had his traditional bedroom done over as the cockpit of a B-17 and replaced their Louis XV bed with a leather hot-dog bun.

The day Marylyn was due back, Mark called her. He said that he would be tired when she got home and would she please humor him and follow exactly all the notes he would leave for her.

Utterly disinterested, Marylyn agreed. Unknown to Mark, she really was sitting with a dying old friend, and that unfortunate was even then in his terminal throes. Tired and depressed, she took a train home to New York.



"For this we sent her to charm school?"

She waited at the station for a half hour before remembering that her husband would not be picking her up. A few minutes later, she was told about the taxi and transit strikes. It took her an hour to walk home. When she arrived, there was a note on the door. It read: "The fact that you're home makes my *cojones* tingle. Put your suitcases down and go straight to the refrigerator."

Marylyn had left the suitcases on Seventeenth Street. Numbly, she went into the kitchen. The note on the refrigerator door said: "Open me and you will find a very cold dry martini. Take it to the bathroom with you."

The martini was waiting for her in the freezer. It had frozen and the glass was cracked.

In the bathroom, she found the bath had been drawn. Gratefully, she slipped out of her clothes and into the tub. The water was cold as ice. Angry and shivering, she leapt out and grabbed a towel. The note taped to it said: "You have the most exciting body I've ever seen. I wish to bury my face in your Mountain of Venus. Come to the bedroom."

Marylyn went to the bedroom. As her bewildered eyes gradually adjusted to the soft green glow of the control panel, she made out Mark, attired in a striking black umpire suit, stretched out sensually in the hot-dog bun, stroking his unencumbered member with a pigeon feather and making soft cooing noises at her. Did she flip out! She pulled their pistol from the drawer of the night table and shot him in the chest!

Now here's where you'll be able to see just how important close attention to the details of bedroom dress can be. If Mark hadn't been carrying the "Rules of Baseball" in his breast pocket, the bullet would have pierced his heart!

Another ingenious clothing ploy was invented by my friend Benny. He and his wife were invited to an elegant party. Benny looked splendid in his midnight-blue tuxedo and patent-leather shoes. He dropped the bombshell just as the hostess was answering the door.

"My God, honey," he whispered. "In all the rush, I forgot to put on my underwear!"

"In your case, who'd notice?" replied his wife in a loud voice.

7. How to Tell in Advance If She'll Be Good in Bed

Without knowing it, she'll give you a number of clues.

Facial expressions can be very revealing. Does she eye your crotch and lick her lips noisily? That's a good sign.

When you introduce yourself by pressing her breast with your index finger and saying, "Honk honk," does she give you a dirty look and walk away? She's probably a Lesbian.

Notice her kissing style. Is she a peaches, a prunes, or a banana?

Finally, the manner in which she touches your maleness is a dead giveaway. If she strokes it like a Siamese cat, you're hittin' on eight. If she acts as if she's starting a lawnmower, tell her to leave.

Now that you've decided *she'll* be good in bed, what about you? Well, hold on to your hats, turn the page, and find out . . .

8. How to Drive a Woman to Ecstasy

It's really quite simple. Take the Taconic State Parkway to the second Hillsdale exit, follow Route 110 north, turn left at the first crossroad after Mike's Shell Station, and you're there.

Now if it's fucking you're interested in, that's different. Firstly, don't be afraid. Even sawdust has a sex life. Did you know that? I'm not sure it has a *great* sex life, but you never see bare floors in a wood shop.

Am I going to tell you to do some pretty wild things?

Uhmmhmmmm. I am going to tell you *exactly* how to perform the most wanton, degenerate acts I have ever heard of.

And, if you're as stupid as I think you are, you'll try every one of them.

Still game? Attaboy. Let's go.

Women's Erogenous Zones

Women, like frying pans, have to be gotten hot before you put the meat in. To turn her on like a real Masculine He-Man, you have to know the territory. Most men don't realize that a woman's body is positively stippled with potential liver spots of erotic response.

Many women are surprised to find that out too.

For instance, did you know that the merest touch of a lit cigarette to her snatch will cause her to scream your name and writhe for minutes?

And that if you suspend her by her pinky-toes, her eyeballs could fall out?

And that if you bite her softly on the buttocks, she may shit in your face?

Every woman is a sexual original. Not until you have explored every inch of her body, with X rays and proctoscope if necessary, will you truly know her.

But let's start at the beginning.

The Head

Here we mean exciting her erotically *inside* her head. This does not refer to squirting vinegar up her nostrils, but to the art of *suggestion.*

My friend Robbie called his wife, Beverly, one day during his lunch hour and told her just exactly what he had planned for her that night. His strategem bore quick fruit: Beverly became so aroused that she inserted the receiver into her willie.

That night Robbie found her that way, quite insensate, tiny mewing emergency sirens echoing beneath her skirt. He strove for an hour to pluck this black plastic intruder from his wife's loins, but to no avail. Finally, he straightened and said, "Sorry, honey, no night of wild abandon tonight, I guess."

"Fuck off, small stuff," moaned Beverly in reply.

Visual aids, too, can make her feel very sexy. Did you know that French postcards appeal to many women? How they get aroused by looking at the Louvre and the Champs Elysées is beyond me, but women will surprise you.

The Lips

The secret of good kissing is a slack jaw. If you've ever watched someone who is really retarded, you have the idea. Let your lips go completely limp. Don't worry: that thin strand of drool will only enhance the effect.

Now she will be irresistibly drawn to meet your lips with hers. Remembering Masculinity Exercise Number 2, thrust your he-man tongue deep into her mouth, taking care not to crush her uvula. When you have gone deep enough to make her gag, ease up and reverse. Repeat several times.

Vary your approach now and again. Lap the front of her face in upward swipes, occasionally darting the tip of your tongue into her nostril. Let her think you are about to kiss her mouth again, and, when she closes her eyes, slip an uncooked wiener between her lips instead. Uhmmmm, how delicious.

Now run that tongue of yours down her cheek, into the shadowed hollows of her neck, three times around her breast, along her arm and onto the bedpost, across the wall to the far window, down its smooth pane, and into the grille of the air conditioner. Could any woman resist?

The Breasts

Ah, knockers.

I tell you, I think that if I were in a flash fire and my date went all to pieces and I only had time to snatch one item per hand before fleeing to safety, I'd save the breasts.

If I were in Central Park and it were suddenly to *rain* breasts, my re-

continued

continued

sponse, in sharp contrast to the disorientation of most strollers, would be to search for a bushel basket.

Breasts are *wonderful!*

Mammary fondles may be categorized as *squeezes, cuppings, bounces,* and *twists*. The last of these, incidentally, causes cancer.

Nipple erectors include the *palm-stroke, finger-flick, tongue-twit,* and *nasal-snuggie*. Take your time and be patient, but if, after five minutes or so, her pips remain stubbornly soft, affix an alligator clip to each and watch the fireworks.

Many men are confused about how to handle really *big* tits. What, they ask, does one *do* with all that bosom? Well, lift them. Swing them. Twirl and kiss and hug them. Pull them apart and let them crash together like great church-bells made of bean curd. Photograph them. Bury your face in the interbreast slick that inevitably forms. Rest them on a bureau top. Glove them in Baggies. Watch them float in the tub. Anything, Jim, anything!

The Buttocks

Yes, the buttocks: Seat of her excretory portal and butt of a million bum jokes. Am I going to tell you hams how to make her popo rear with anticipation before you shoot the moon? Tush! Get to the bottom of *this* one yourselves.

The Virginia

And so, Big Casino. We come at last to the virginia, the honeypot at the end of her rainbow. Part her legs and fix your gaze at the juncture of her thighs. You will see what appears to be a clam in a fright wig. See it glisten! But don't be drawn inside *quite* yet, for first we must pause to examine . . .

Your Wee-Wee: A Skillful Muscle

I had my first erection in the sixth grade as we sat in reading circle, discussing *Pongchouli, You Rascal.* Naturally I was mortified and held my loose-leaf notebook rigidly in my lap for the rest of the afternoon.

Ah, youth.

In my later years, I was astonished to discover that my shameful bulge was the object of much admiration from the opposite sex, a fact I first suspected when three Puerto Rican streetwalkers accosted me on a late-night bus and, pointing to my groin, made wet, sucking noises through their teeth. My suspicions were confirmed when a female acquaintance admitted that after noticing the provocative balloon in my bathing suit the previous summer, she had dreamed for three months of eating moray eel.

If women find it irresistible under wraps, do you think they go ape when you hang it out? In spades! But merely to dangle is tedious. Imagine if Oliver J. Dragon just hung limply over the stage; that wouldn't keep Fran interested for long, would it? The same applies in the boudoir.

Learn to swing your member in circles. Lean your shoulders back against the wall, rotating your hips first to the left, then to the right. When you have mastered these simple circular moves, try figure eights, obelisks, tesseracts. Now—this is the difficult part—without letting it fall, bring it to instant hardness so that it stands in a zingy, vibrating salute. Got it? Good, you're doing very well.

Now, when you enter her, you want her to pulsate and throb and hunger for you in scarlet shades, rising in pitch and tempo until she feels as if forty-three suns have just gone nova in the center of her maddened vagina. That takes muscle.

Refer to the Charles Atlas book for appropriate coxercises. When you can lift both her feet off the floor by penal flex alone, she's getting the hang of it.

What do you get out of this? Three things: (1) the knowledge that you're probably hurting her, (2) almost certain hernia, and (3) a good shot at the Dick Cavett show.

So develop those penals and phalloids. And remember that a Masculine He-Man must also be able to excel at . . .

Eating It Raw

Scared, huh? Quite understandable. All the guys are scared the first few times. I mean, we all know what comes out of there, right? But then, you probably didn't like your first taste of beer, either. Oral sex is part of the total bundle of degeneracies you have to offer, which is about *all* you have to offer, so you better know what you're doing.

Does the idea of putting a woman's cupcake in your mouth bother you? If so, you are a typical product of this nation's foolish taboos against sidewalk fish markets. But actually, kissing her between her legs is a lot less unsanitary than kissing your pet's litter box. And, as for oral sex being "wrong," you'll just have to get used to it.

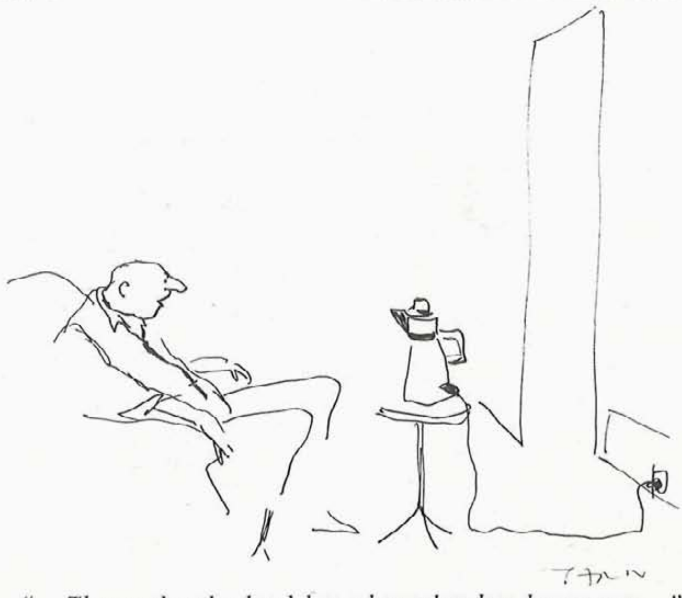
The first time a woman "went down on me," I struck her. I was, frankly, a little shocked. "Where were you brought up," I asked her, "in a barn?" Apparently she got the message, for, much to my relief, she snatched up her clothes and ran from the room crying. Later, however, when I learned that oral sex was all the rage among decaying Balkan aristocrats, I changed my tune fast. Here are a few basic techniques I learned.

Setting the Stage. Have her lie on her back, legs slightly spread. Bring your ear to the mouth of her virginia. Can you hear the sea? Good. Now turn face foreward and shout, "AAAAH-RRRRRRR." Her *lablia majorca* will open, revealing her *vestibule*. If it is late morning, you may see the postman sorting letters into their proper boxes. If so, politely ask him to leave. Most letter carriers are good fellows and quickly comply. Now you are ready for stylistic niceties.

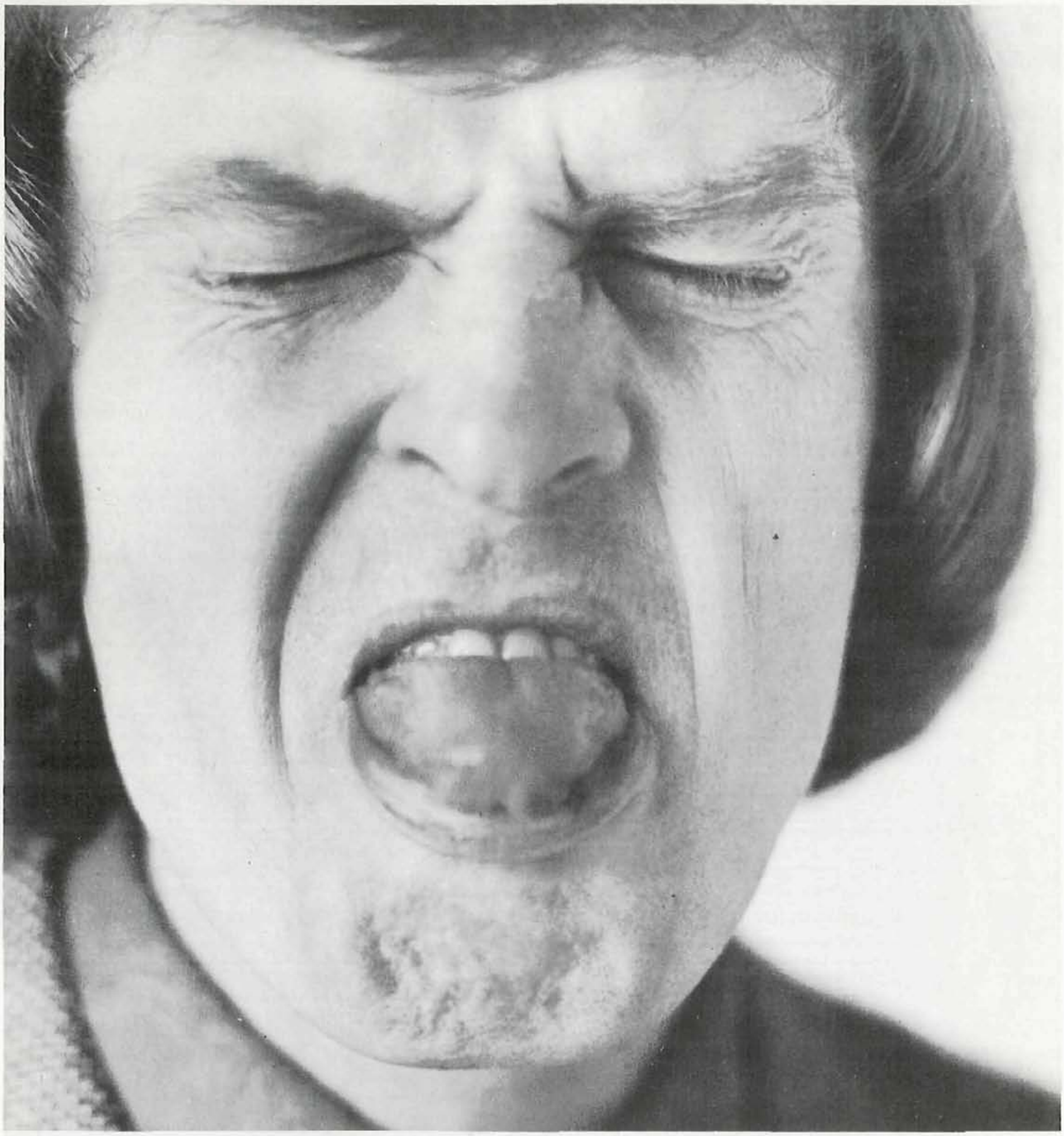
Rootin' for Taters. This technique emphasizes thrust and depth. Can you touch her liver? Her lung?

The Marlon. Press your mouth firmly against her cookie and make loud Harley-Davidson noises. Go through all four gears, brake and peel out from a standing start. Continue this sequence until she tells you to stop acting like an idiot.

continued



". . . Then on the other hand, bup-a-bup, a bup-bup, ba-pup-pup . . ."



MORNING SICKNESS.

(Or, Don Imus' New York radio show is now on record.)

Don Imus. Making a radio microphone a lethal weapon.

Popping the balloons of famous institutions like drive-in restaurants, rent-a-car offices, diaper services, and evangelists.

All recorded live on the air.

Tough, candid, gamey humor from the freshest, most furious new voice on daytime radio.

And now on records.

RCA Records and Tapes



continued

The Hindenburg. Maintaining a tight seal, expel your breath into her until she has inflated to three or four times her original size. Release her and watch her jet crazily about the room.

After all this, she will be close to orgasm. I know some men who believe that women "come," as men do. This is not true. However, many a woman's *lablia* will, as she peaks, snap together audibly. Be ready to move fast; I have a friend, Tim, who lost the tip of his nose in this fashion.

Are you still with me? You may not be for long, because now it's time to stick it . . .

Up the Coal Shute

Decadent former Waffen SS swear by this one. If you must do it, at least avert your eyes. Preferably, take careful aim with your crazed kielbasa and slide into . . .

Home Plate!

It's taken you months of anxiety, thousands of tongue thrusts, untold coxercises, and a single-mindedness bordering on obsession, but you are finally experiencing the most pleasurable and fulfilling love act known to man. Congratulations!

Yes, it *is* kind of a letdown, isn't it?

9. After the Bed, Where?

Women are adventuresome. They soon tire of the bedroom and wish to experiment with daring and offbeat sexual locales. Be excited! Sex is about to take on whole new dimensions for you.

Since I started following my women's whims, I've made love in a deserted piano (very nice), on an ironing board (rickety), inside a rolltop desk (close), in a thresher (scary), in a roaring fire (ouch!), and hundreds of other places I'd be embarrassed to mention.

Naturally, don't follow her just anywhere. Remember Beverly, the telephone girl? Apparently really hung up on the erotic possibilities of modern conveniences, she enticed Robbie one Sunday afternoon into making love in the incinerator shaft, and, of course, that was the end of them. Have fun, but use common sense.

10. Should You Talk?

Oh, sho'.

But don't forget that women are more romantic than men. "Do the Philly Dog, now," is *not* what she wants to hear. Rather, speak softly and let your words crawl like snails into her ears.

Incidentally, a friend told me one day that it didn't matter what words you said, as long as you said them romantically. I was intrigued. That night, I huskily whispered to my lover the names of several common fruits and vegetables. It worked like a charm. She pulled free of my embrace, strode to the kitchen, and made herself a salad.

11. Women's Sexual Fantasies

Whew, did I have a hard time getting women to talk about this one! My knuckles were bleeding and raw by the time I forced out these four fantasies. I offer them for what they're worth, which probably isn't much.

Fantasy Number 1

While you're making love to her, she has her eyes closed and is pretending you're a man.

Fantasy Number 2

She has fallen from a window near the top of the Chrysler Building and is plummeting toward the sidewalk. Down below, you espy her, and, thinking fast, you wheel a nearby fruit-cart directly beneath her line of fall. She lands with a squish, unharmed. Grateful, she begins licking the fruit pulp from you, until, unable to stand it any longer, you tear off your clothes and dive in on top of her. You make love as the fruit vendor berates you in broken English.

Fantasy Number 3

This one is common. At least two, and sometimes as many as five or six soldiers of varying races, colors, and creeds make love to her simultaneously. Sometimes this occurs in a mess hall, other times in an armory.

Fantasy Number 4

Just as you are about to enter her, your member turns into a hungry boa constrictor. It plunges into her and roars through her innards like an express train, devouring everything. Frightened, she assumes the form of a mongoose and pecks out your eyes.

12. That Sense of Glut

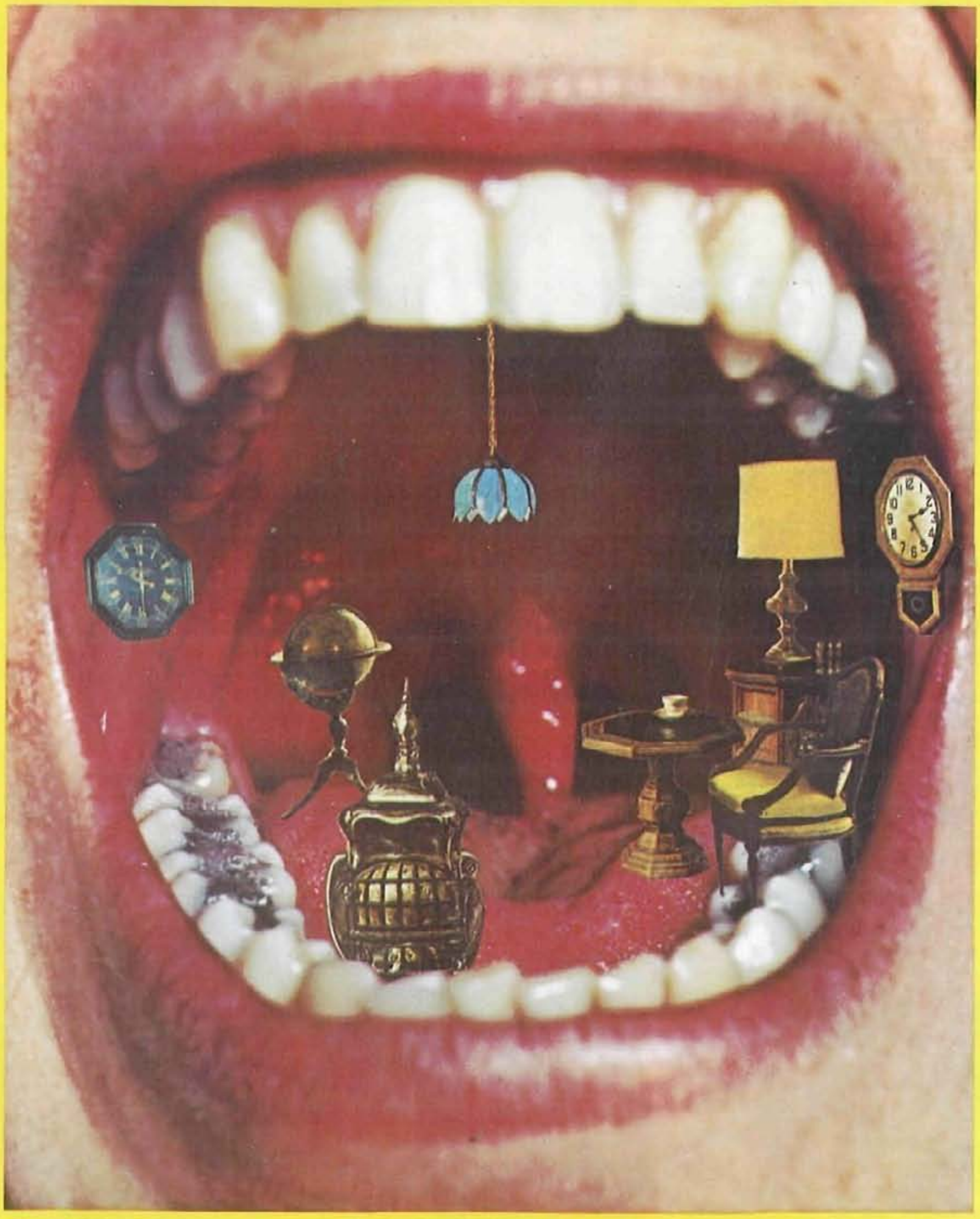
And so, at last, you fall back exhausted. The time has come for you to put down your pud, pull up your pants, and go out to meet some women. They're out there by the thousands, waiting for you to drown them with passion and other substances, and if you've read this book *carefully*, if you've put your *trust* in me, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going out to warm up the car . . . and drive *my* woman to Ecstasy. VRRR-UHMMMMMM M MM MMMM M M M MMMM M M M M M M M M MM MMMMMMM MM M M M

Better Mouth and Saliva Catalog

by Ed Bluestone

1,001 top-quality oral products for the young modern who thinks of his mouth as more than just a disgusting hole in his face.



Special: Furnish your mouth from our wide selection of tongue sofas, three-piece palate sets, gum buffets, tooth-to-tooth carpeting, throat rugs, and UL-approved uvula lighting fixtures.

Put your money where your mouth is, and when you open wide, <u>they'll</u> say "Ahhhhhhhh!"

Eric Sevareid's Plaque. The famous newscaster has been saving plaque from his teeth for years. Now, a limited quantity is available to those who send in $100 (plus tax where applicable) and an acceptable 1,500-word essay entitled "Why I Want Eric Sevareid's Plaque." The essay should emphasize an historical interest in Mr. Sevareid's mouth, using anecdotal material, biographical sources, personal interviews, and comparisons to the mouths of other newscasters. Only one order per family, please!



Eric Sevareid's Plaque .... $100.00 (¼ oz.)

Horse Saliva. Are you missing that bus, train, or subway by a few extra seconds each year? Has middle age brought with it feelings of frequent fatigue and a dimunition of your sexual powers? Don't despair, old timer! Speed, virility, and endurance can be yours again after a few weeks of gargling with horse saliva. In no time at all, your own salivary glands will be producing the same energetic slime that horses rely on to sustain their indomitable vigor.

A complete program of horse-saliva rehabilitation, if followed religiously, takes only fifteen to twenty-six days (depending on your physical receptiveness*). Fresh saliva, *extracted from the gums of drooling thoroughbreds* within minutes after they cross the finish line, arrives at your door in time for predinner gargling (bedtime gargling in outlying areas).

Of course, during saliva therapy, it is suggested that you restrict your diet to oats and water to aid the horse saliva in overcoming your body's natural repugnance to foreign substances. Individual programs are priced according to the vitality of your saliva donor.

Win horses .... $18.00 per day
Place horses .... $14.00 per day
Show horses .... $10.00 per day
Also-rans .... $7.50 per day
Stable horses .... $5.00 per day
Dead horses .... $1.00-$.00
(depending on cause of death)
Mule Saliva .... $.65 per day
(Payment may be made in food stamps for this item.)

*Most individuals throw up their horse saliva for one to five days.



Oral Religious Statuary. Persons of the Catholic faith may wish to call upon divine assistance in preventing cavities, abscesses, overbite, pyorrhea, or tooth breakage by including one of these handsomely carved religious figures in their dentition. All are of high-impact plastic, with designs approved by leading theological authorities.



St. Ignatius of Parma (patron saint of gums) $3.00
Our Lady of the Molars $3.50
Christmas Creche $7.95

Also available:

Consecrated mouthwash (contains 5 percent holy water by volume) .... $3.00 pint
Lourdes mouthwash (contains 1 percent Lourdes water by volume) .... $7.50 pint

Dental Duds. We're happy to be able to offer to discriminating individuals a wide selection of garments for the gums. If you prefer the traditional "caps," then we're certain you'll be able to find what you're looking for in our fashionable oral millinery collection—berets, derbies, fedoras, fezzes, porkpies, boaters, tam-o'-shanters, turbans, and yarmulkas—you name it, we have it, in bicuspid, molar, incisor, or canine shapes.

Oral Millinery .... from $1.50

For those whose tastes run toward the more elaborate "jacket," we offer a number of specialty items.

All wool Harris Tweed tooth topcoats that won't rip with chattering .... $3.00–$4.95
Alpaca parkas with safety buttons—no zippers to scratch enamel $4.00
Silk dental floss scarves in plain, white, or paisley prints .... $.50–$1.45
Polyester sta-press bicuspid coats that won't lose their crease in saliva .... $1.50–$3.50
Dental dinner jackets—the ultimate in formal oral wear $5.00
matching gummerbund .... $.50
patent leather tongue shoe $1.00



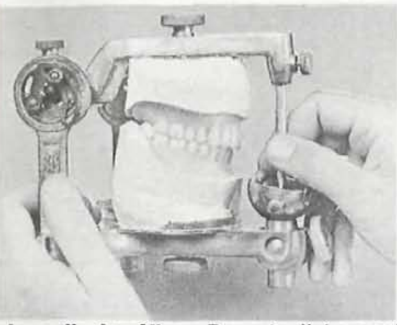
Special

Sport fans! Dress your teeth in the jerseys of your favorite football team! Uniforms available for all NFL and AFL teams.

Offensive line (upper teeth), fourteen uniforms .. $15.00
Defensive line (lower teeth), fourteen uniforms .. $17.50
(Special ABC monogram sportscaster blazers are available for individuals with some or all of their wisdom teeth.) .... $.50 each



Tongue Fur. Embellish your tongue with mink, sable, fox, seal, leopard, many others. Wearers of tongue fur find that it permits them to engage in various forms of sexual activity even in cold weather and deters potential assailants by convincing them that there is a wild animal in their mouth. .... from $7.50



Juvenile Jaw Vices. Parents distressed by the soaring cost of dental care should consider investing in this item. The vice impedes the replacement of baby teeth by permanent teeth until the child has developed proper dental hygiene habits and is past participation in contact sports. Just clamp the vice onto your child's teeth for three hours each night, and he will retain his first set of teeth well into his teens. (Note: The jaw vice will cause no permanent damage, contrary to statements to that effect by your dentist. The "naturalness" of the process of tooth replacement at age three to five by adult teeth is, like the "tooth fairy," an invention of the avaricious dental profession.)
Juvenile Jaw Vice $35.00

Gum Gardening

Tired of having your beautiful teeth surrounded by a barren pink wasteland? Our gum gardening kits can help turn even the drabbest orifice into a lush, verdant oral display.



Marine Vegetation Effect. With the aid of this kit, you can transform your gums into an aquatic wonderland of Ectocarpus, Callithamion, Halimeda, Conferva, Sea Lettuce, and Sargassum. Also included are tiny lumps of brain coral, miniature conches, a 1/100 scale replica of the wreck of the *Bounty* off Pitcairn Island, bell buoys, and a generous supply of flounder feces, the premier fertilizer of marine vegetation $15.00



Rural America Arrangement. As endorsed by Johnny Mann. Sagebrush, grass, sticks, sand, tiny cattle skulls, and broken wagon wheels. A tiny red bulb implanted in your uvula and attached to a long-life battery under your tongue allows you to produce a realistic and moving "sunset" whenever you complete the connection by saying any word containing the letter *m* $17.50

Traditional Japanese Landscape. A graceful arched bridge across your tongue, carefully selected smooth pebbles, miniature dwarf bonsai trees, and a babbling waterfall produced by a simple stomach pump powered by your breathing create a tranquil atmosphere. Also included is a book on tongue yoga $25.00



Down Home Scene. Little window boxes filled with geraniums, marigolds, and other perfect miniature replicas of popular perennials attach with suction cups to your front teeth, and four-inch long strands of English Ivy climb a trellis onto your nose. Inside, a family group, faithfully reproduced in plastic from a classic Norman Rockwell painting, says grace before eating your tongue $20.00

Oral Funeral Arrangement. Not only can you show the depth of your feeling for the departed with this tasteful display of lilies, gladiolas, carnations, and black satin, but also you can prevent needless embarrassment should some portion of the last rites provoke you to laughter $15.00



Masochistic-Floral Selection. A melange of cactus, rose stems, pine needles, thistles, briars, and tiny strands of rusty barbed wire combine to produce both suffering and a pleasing still-life effect. (Note: This kit must be picked up at our home office personally, and you must have with you a fifty-pound blacksmith's anvil. We have ways of knowing whether you carried the anvil or just took a cab.) All the pain you deserve, at a price you can't afford $75.00

Formal English Garden. An exact copy (scale 1/32nd inch = 100 feet) of the formal garden at Vauxhall, designed by Capability Jones, the noted landscape architect. Complete with statuary, saliva fountain, and a maze that will take you many hours of stimulating fun trying to get your tongue out of $35.00

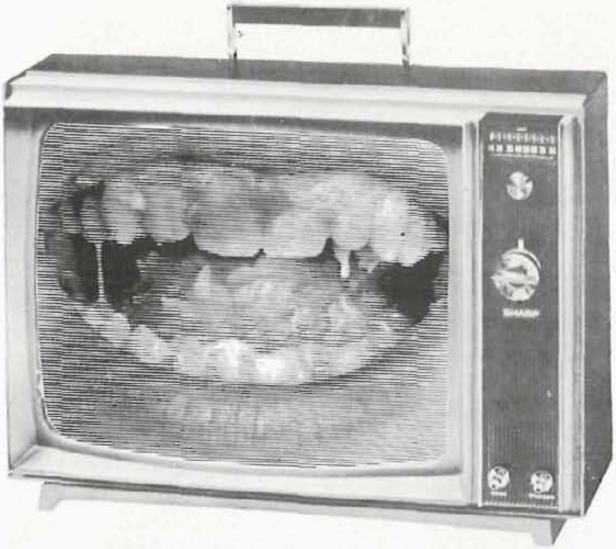




Palate Frescoes. Striking, full-color replicas of some of the greatest ceiling paintings of all time, beautifully reproduced on durable, saliva-resistant rubberoid palate mats and painlessly affixed to the roof of your mouth with long-lasting cement. (Be prepared to spend some evenings upside down while your mat dries.) Choose from among Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling, Tiepolo's *Charge of the Gadarene Swine* from the Altskirch in Munich, Poussin's *Diana and the Hunt* from Chenoceaux, and many more.
Palate Frescoes $10.00

For the hobbyist, paint-by-the-number palate fresco kits, complete with nontoxic paints, tongue-tip brushes, mirrors, and a book of preparatory tongue exercises are available.
Each kit $35.00

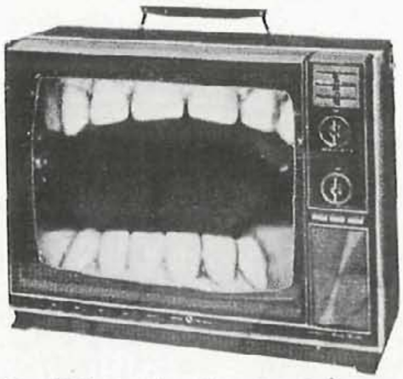
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Your Mouth on Television

Mini closed-circuit TV. Cameras mounted on the inside of your teeth or moored in your saliva provide a front-row seat of the daily drama of your mouth at work for you and your friends. You'll thrill as you witness the awesome destruction of food, the quiet grandeur of your mouth at rest, or the many light comic moments as you belch, sneeze, cough, and yawn. "Your Mouth" is sure to become a favorite television program in your neighborhood! Six mini-cameras and monitor, lights, mouth make-up, and tongue prompter cards . . . $400.00

Production package. Also available are a few custom-produced supplements to live-action programming that can make "Your Mouth" a professional presentation throughout. Package includes a stirring theme song, credits (types and locations of your natural teeth and a brief dental history are required), and a personal introduction of each part of your mouth by a professional announcer like Jacques Cousteau or someone else. You will also receive a selection of exciting footage of celebrities' mouths recorded live during their appearances on major talk shows $35.00



Special Oral Effects. To add variety to your programming, you can use any one or combination of the hundreds of dramatic effects possible in our Special Effects kit. Chemicals, small satchel charges, palate scenery, flashing SALIVATE signs, and many other professional-quality items let you stage anything from a simple "Meet the Teeth" public-information show to a spectacular oral typhoon, with fifty-mile-per-hour coughs, phlegm tidal waves, and, if a climax is desired, a "Gums of Navarone" finale in which your jaw is dislocated $47.50

Rubber Caps. Originally invented by a dentist in a Far Eastern leper colony as a solution to a pressing problem that plagued several of his still sexually active patients, these soft rubber jackets are a boon to liberated men and women $30.00



"Swinging Mouth" Fashions. Everything you need to be orally hip:

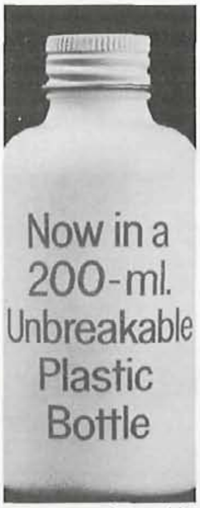
Uvula Tie-Dying Kit. Saliva-repellent uvula dye and knotting tongs . . $4.50

Army Surplus Suicide Tooth. An OSS favorite—an olive-drab hollow molar that's perfect for carrying around a single love bead or other small item . . . . $.75

Tongue Sandals. Cork-lined—the latest in tonguewear $3.50

Peter Max Tooth Decals. Your choice of the astrological signs of your teeth, rainbow design with flower children heading for your gold tooth, many more . . . . $1.50 per dozen

Lip Stickers. Makes silent, dignified protest possible . . . . $.75 each

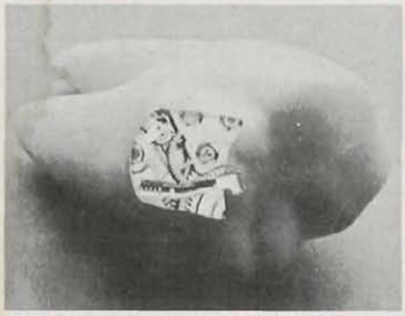




Nonphosphate Enzyme-Active Saliva Detergent. A few drops of this new oral detergent converts your saliva into a potent, hard-working cleanser. Not only cleans teeth thoroughly but also lets you lick your plate clean and return it directly to the kitchen shelf without wasting water, creating pollution, or otherwise damaging the ecology . . . . $1.35 (16-oz. box)



Mouth Organ. An exact replica of the world-famous instrument at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. When you touch your tongue to a tooth, a rich full tone is emitted from one of the many breath-powered pipes embedded in your sinus passages. If you desire, the organ can also be activated as you chew your food, thus producing an eerie and solemn accompaniment to the drab eating process. And it's so easy to play! Persons with average-length tongues are usually able to render simple ditties in just days $400.00



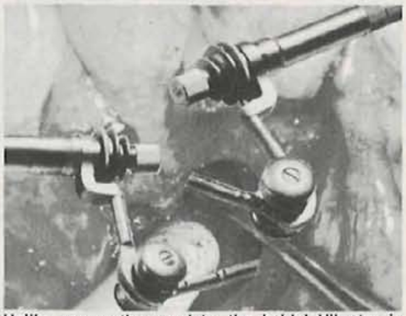
The Reincarnation Tooth. When a sonar hookup in this electronic marvel hears your name mentioned in your funeral eulogy, preprogrammed servo-motors and miniaturized tape-cassettes implanted in various parts of your body go to work, letting what's left of you step right out of the coffin for one full hour (depending on battery charge at time of decease) of *au revoir* pranks. Expose yourself, kick a creditor, pick your nose, make disparaging remarks about the number and quality of flowers, critique the service—more than a hundred tasteless ta-tas to choose from . . $1,500.00

Labial Vibrator. Ability to make your lips quiver at will gives you the psychological edge needed to soft-soap your way out of traffic tickets, harsh personal criticism, physical altercations resulting in sizable dental bills, even unpleasant social obligations, such as kissing babies with communicable skin diseases or inappropriate racial backgrounds. All the power of lip-quivering is yours to command with the Labial Vibrator, a rugged, rustproof series of tiny, out-of-phase flywheels that can be painlessly implanted in your lower lip with minor surgery. Power is supplied by an easily swallowed battery pack,* which produces continuous uncontrollable quivering when you activate the finger-operated glottal switch $7.50

*Battery pack good for from one to three days, depending on diet and digestive habits.

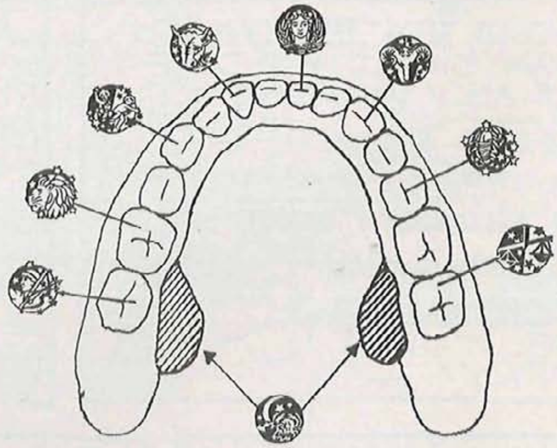
Your favorite surgeon can quickly install the Labial Vibrator, complete with glottal switch, in just minutes, with no special preparation. Here, a qualified orthodontist completes the operation with nothing but an old pair of eyebrow tweezers and a soda straw from his luncheon soft drink.





Unlike some other models, the Labial Vibrator is equipped with speed and current controls to prevent unfortunate accidents.

Dental Horoscope. If your parents kept accurate records of the days on which your "adult" teeth appeared (if not, don't deprive *your* children of this important information!), you can cast the individual horoscope of your teeth with the aid of this informative book. A correct astrological chart of your mouth can be an invaluable aid, since many researchers have found this time-honored technique of divination to be startlingly accurate. Gemini molars, for example, tend to develop cavities and should be brushed more carefully; Aquarius canines develop abscesses easily and must be watched. You'll save thousands in dental bills alone!
"Your Dental Horoscope and You" $5.95





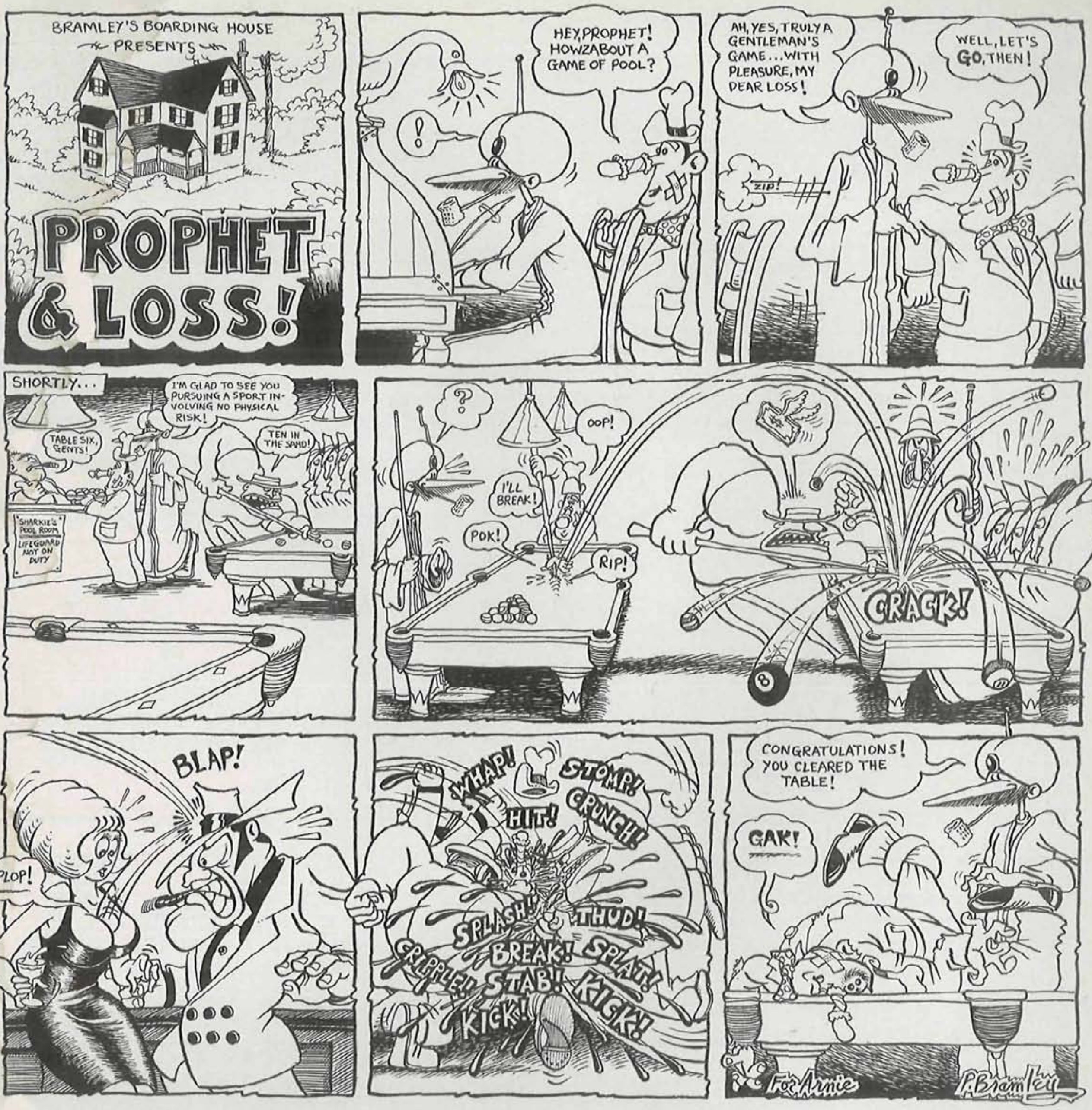
Mouths of Many Nations

Your painstaking choice of world-famous mouth-models of "ports of call" of fancy cruise ships. For your friends, or that special someone, just talking to you will be like visiting an exotic, faraway place. For you, an end to worries about "offending" with halitosis, since your bad breath adds the final touch of reality—the fetid stench of one of the world's many busy harbors.

The Grand Canal. With gondola, gaily striped mooring poles, and one gallon of canal sludge $10.00
Rotterdam. Two Rhine barges, a pair of wharf cranes that slip onto your lower teeth, and a realistic carpet of dead fish for your tongue $10.00
Shanghai. A strip of the world-famous Bund, a sampan, and Cultural Revolution posters for your canines $12.50
Waikiki. A fringe of tiny palm trees, three pounds of sand to sprinkle along your gums, and miniature coconuts to wedge between your teeth $10.00
St. Lawrence Seaway. A pair of huge locks, and the bow of an ore ship . $10.00

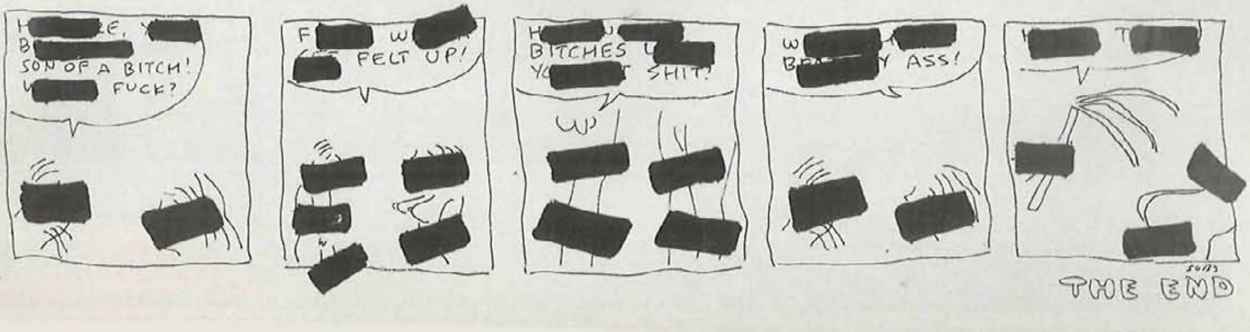

FUNNY PAGES
M.W. KALUTA

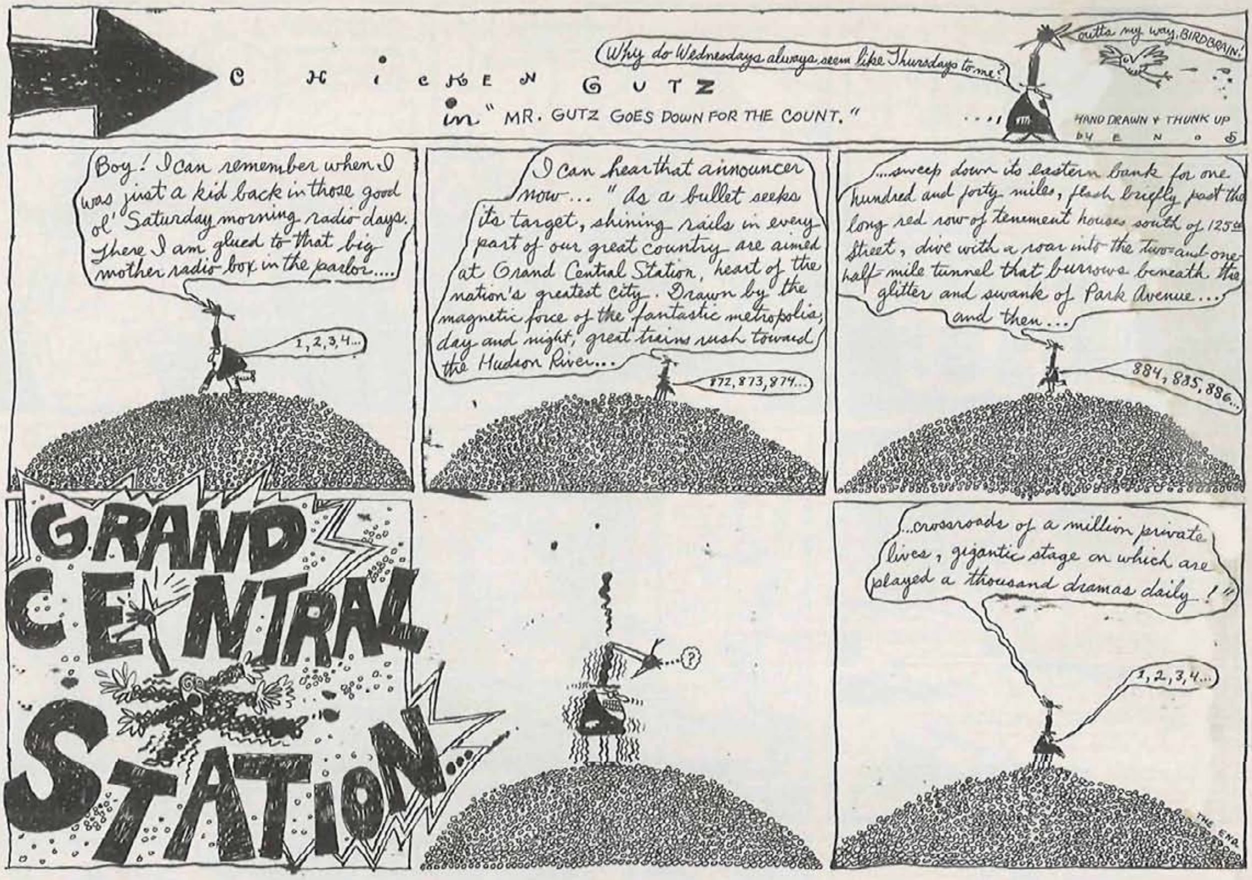

NUTS
REMEMBER ALL THE THINGS YOU DID BUT DIDN'T TELL YOUR PARENTS ABOUT? BECAUSE THEY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND? BECAUSE IF THEY KNEW WHAT YOU WERE UP TO THEY WOULD SCREAM AND SCREAM AND SCREAM?
MY GOD! DID YOU READ ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT KID PLAYING IN THE OLD PIER BY THE LAKE! BOTH LEGS!!! JESUS!!!
AT LEAST THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM DEAD LIKE THEY DID THE WILLINGS' BOY!
SICK? WONDA FOAM WILL HELP!
ENTIRE SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY DESTROYED BECAUSE OF EARTHQUAKE
BANGLES SUPER POW CEREAL!
THEY SHOULD TEAR THAT DAMNED PIER DOWN! SHOULD HAVE DONE IT YEARS AGO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
OUT.
...DAMN PIER'S A REGULAR KILLING MACHINE!
YOU'RE CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT PIER, HARRY!
LATER...AT THE PIER...
HI, LEON. READ ABOUT CHARLIE?
YEAH... BOTH LEGS! WOW!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, LEON?
JUST WANT TO SEE IF THIS BOARD WILL SUPPORT ME!
GEE, LEON, IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GIV-
AUWGH!
NEXT MONTH: "TO THE RESCUE..."
Gahan Wilson

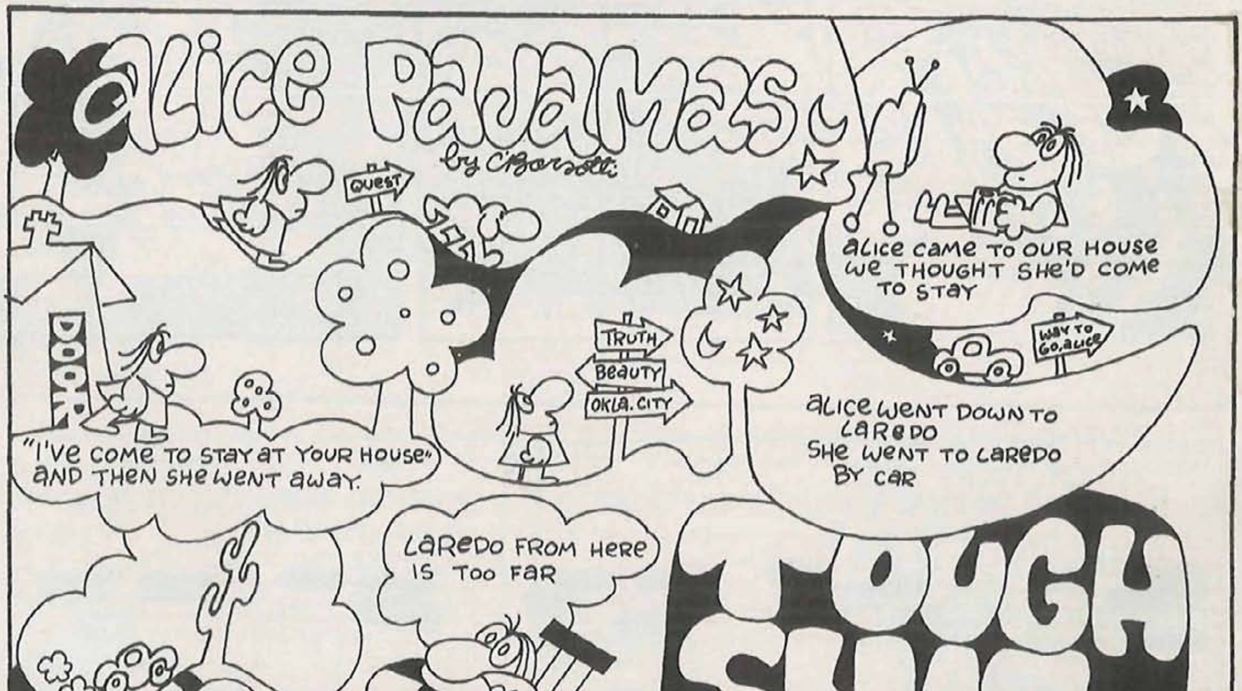


REVERSE CENSORSHIP COMICS!

(FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE ONLY INTERESTED IN THE GOOD PARTS)

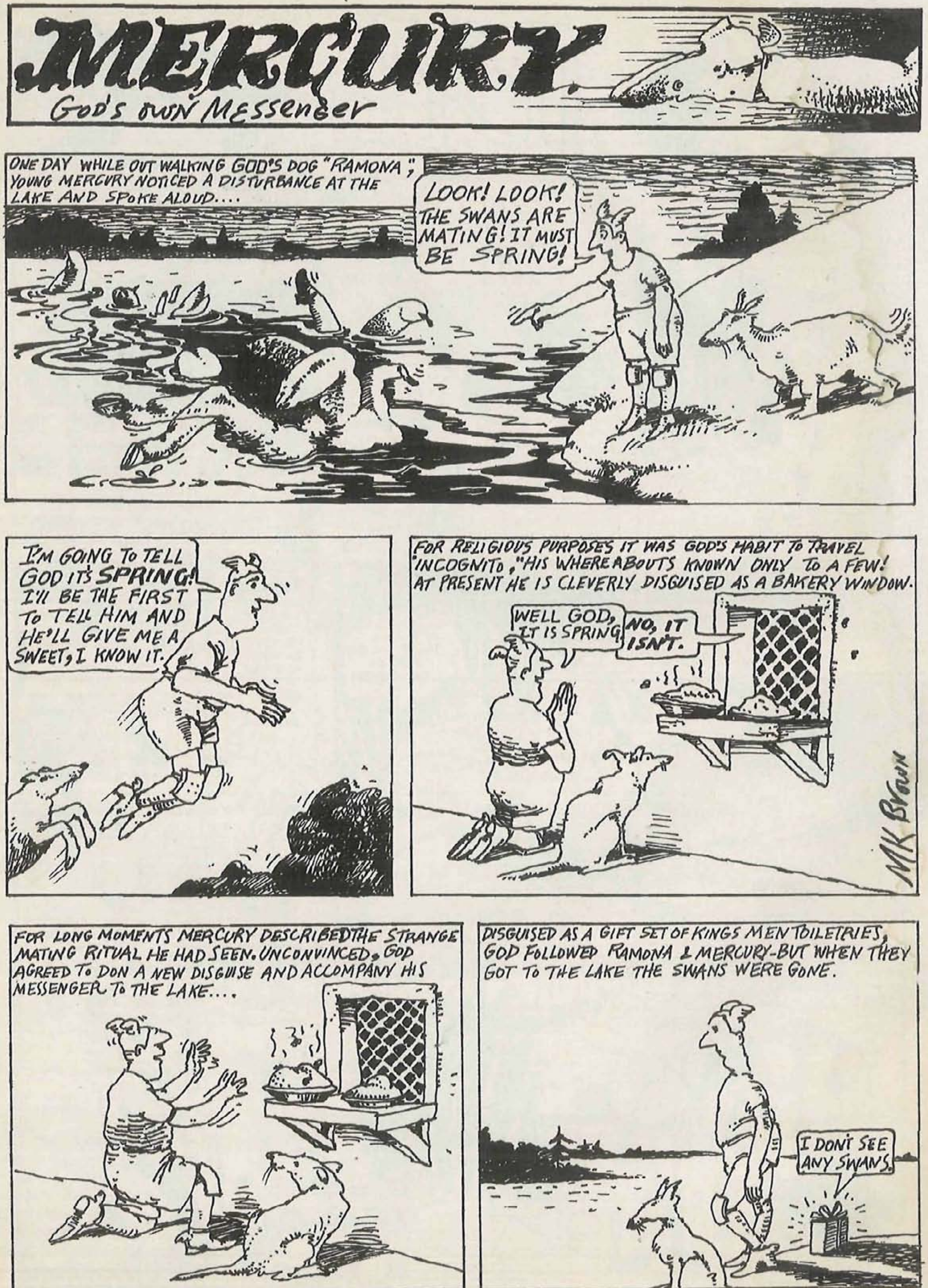






2. A strip (**comic strip**) of consecutive drawings in panels, usually presenting humorous situations or adventures; — also called *the funnies*; also, a book or other collection of such drawings.


IDYL
©J·JONES 1972
MOMMY, WHAT'S DADDY DOING IN THE WOODS?
OH, HE'S JUST TRYING TO FIND MEANING TO HIS OWN EXISTENCE.
THINK I'LL PISS ON THAT TREE.
DAMN! NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU SHAKE IT THERE'S ALWAYS ONE DROP LEFT THAT ROLLS DOWN YOUR LEG.
I THINK HE'S NEAT.
YOU LOOK UP TO HIM. HE'S YOUR IDOL. THAT GIVES YOU STRUCTURE. HE HAS NO ONE TO LOOK UP TO.
BUT LAST WEEK HE INVENTED GODS. SO NOW HE CAN CLAIM TO BE MADE IN THEIR IMAGE. TO BE LIKE A GOD—THAT'S SOMETHING—THAT'S MEANING.
WITH THIS TALLEYWACKER I PISS ON THE GODS!
FAR OUT.
THE GODS WON'T LAST LONG THOUGH, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO STAND NOT BEING ONE HIMSELF.
I AM THE LORD OF THE UNIVERSE. I ALONE AM THE SHAPER OF. . .GOD! LOOK AT THAT, IT'S DEAD, JUST LYING THERE—AN ANIMAL ALL ROTTEN LIKE. A BIG, STRONG THING LIKE THAT...
BUT, MOMMY, HOW COME YOU AREN'T LOOKING FOR MEANING TO LIFE?
I DON'T NEED TO — I'VE GOT IT.
OH, GOD, I'M GONNA DIE!
I AM THE VESSEL, THE BACKBONE AND THE STUFF ITSELF.
MOTHER.


MERCURY
God's own Messenger
ONE DAY WHILE OUT WALKING GOD'S DOG "RAMONA", YOUNG MERCURY NOTICED A DISTURBANCE AT THE LAKE AND SPOKE ALOUD....
LOOK! LOOK! THE SWANS ARE MATING! IT MUST BE SPRING!
I'M GOING TO TELL GOD IT'S SPRING! I'LL BE THE FIRST TO TELL HIM AND HE'LL GIVE ME A SWEET, I KNOW IT.
FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES IT WAS GOD'S HABIT TO TRAVEL "INCOGNITO," HIS WHEREABOUTS KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW! AT PRESENT HE IS CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A BAKERY WINDOW.
WELL GOD, IT IS SPRING.
NO, IT ISN'T.
MK Brown
FOR LONG MOMENTS MERCURY DESCRIBED THE STRANGE MATING RITUAL HE HAD SEEN. UNCONVINCED, GOD AGREED TO DON A NEW DISGUISE AND ACCOMPANY HIS MESSENGER TO THE LAKE....
DISGUISED AS A GIFT SET OF KINGS MEN TOILETRIES, GOD FOLLOWED RAMONA & MERCURY-BUT WHEN THEY GOT TO THE LAKE THE SWANS WERE GONE.
I DON'T SEE ANY SWANS.


SHAB
ALARM, ALARM! PERIL IS UPON US! HONOR IS AT STAKE! WOLVES SKRITCH AT THE DOOR!
WHAT'S TO DO?
YEAH, WHAT?
KILL THE ENEMY!
FOR A POLITICIAN HIS ADVICE WAS UNUSUALLY CLEAR.


DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
CALIBAN · DISGUSTING · WEIRD · REPUGNANT · REVOLTING · UNUSUAL
POST
ROSALINDA, ROSALINDA! RECOGNITION AT LAST!!
...I'VE BEEN INVITED TO BRING MY MONSTER TO MOSCOW AND ADDRESS THE SOVIET ACADEMY OF MEDICINE!
WOLFGANG, I'M SO PROUD!
SMEGMA, CALL LUFTHANSA AND MAKE RESERVATIONS FOR THE MONSTER AND I FOR THURSDAY... ROSALINDA, CAN YOU FIX UP ONE OF MY OLD SUITS FOR HIM?
I'LL GO UP AND TELL THE MONSTER...
LATER
WOLFGANG, WHAT IS IT—WHAT'S WRONG?
WHAT'S WRONG? EVERYTHING IS WRONG!
IT'S OFF! MY CHANCE TO ACHIEVE WORLDWIDE RECOGNITION GONE RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW!
BUT WOLFGANG, WHY?
IT'S HIM, THE MONSTER. HE WON'T GO! THERE ARE NO GAY BARS IN MOSCOW!



COMING NEXT MONTH

Dead-Issue Issue
TO CHARLES, LORD CORNWALLIS, COMMANDER OF OUR LAND AND SEA FORCES IN OUR AMERICAN DOMINIONS; AT YORKTOWN, IN VIRGINIA:

We are in Receipt of your late Dispatch concerning the Progress of Our Campaigns against the Bloodthirsty Rebels and Seditious Scum who are seeking to Impose their Alien and Godless Philosophy of Mob Rule upon the Law-abiding Inhabitants of Our American Domains.

We have well Considered your Recount of the Reverses and Set-backs you have Borne at the hands of the Crazed and Rum-maddened Revolutionaries. They have shown to a Sufficiency their Contempt for the Ancient Rules of War by attacking Our Forces without the Courtesy of a Letter of Intent, whilst at Tiffins, and in the course of their Holy Slumbers; by Interposing Trees and other Impediments between their Selves and the Avenging Musket-balls of Our Soldiery; by Dressing in the Manner of the General Populace, without Badge or Insignie; and by the Commission of other Enormities which you Enumerated and which are, We Judge, the Run of Behavior to be Anticipated from the Craven and Degraded Perpetrators of the Boston Tea-massacre.

In spite of these Temporary Disappointments, We have all Confidence that Our Just Cause will Prevail and that with Patience and Perseverance, the Right of Our Subjects to Enjoy a Rule Sanctioned by Divine Intent will be Restored, even if We must in the Interests of a higher Purpose send every Man Jack among these Rebels to Confer with his Maker and Reduce each and every City in that Cursed Land to a Fine Ash.

We firmly Reject the Counsel of those who would have Us sit by in an Idle and Complacent State whilst Thousands pass beneath the Inhuman Yoke of the Colonial Congress, condemned to live out their Miserable Lives in an Unending Procession of Indignities at the Hands of the Rabble, against the Suffering of which the most Horrible Death would be a Blessing.

We base Our Resolution upon Three Good and Separate Reasons, which I bid you to Communicate to your Captains that they may gain from the Consideration Thereof an Renewed Purpose in the Pursuit of their Martial Duties.

First, that Desertion of Our Solemn Obligations would Hold Us up to Scorn, Derision, and Contumely in the Eyes of other Nations, and Deny to Our Royal Person and Our Throne the Natural Respect and Obeisance which of a Right they ought to Command, such that even Dusky Janizaries would Laugh at Us Behind their Hands in Far-off Ethiop.

Second, that a Resolution of these Recent Disturbances which did not Number among its Conditions the Execution of the Chief Rebels and the Dissolution of their Treasonous Councils would Encourage and Abet other of Our Subjects to Foment like Rebellions throughout Our Several Dominions and give a Clear Signal to Louis of France and his Catholic allies, without whose Succor the American Insurgency would long since have collapsed, to Plot other Tests of Our Resolve elsewhere on the Globe, and not least in Our Canadian Provinces, lately Wrested from the Frenchman's Grasp.

Third, that Precipitate Capitulation would leave those Loyal and Steadfast Subjects who Disdained to Tread the Awful Path of Mutiny and Rallied to Our Banner to the Tender Mercies of the Rapacious Colonials, and there would surely Ensue Barbarous Persecutions and other Infamies and Abominations such that Our Territories would be Bathed in Blood.

We may yet Handle the Fruits of Victory if We Embark upon a Policy of Remorseless Punishment of the Dogged Foe. We command you, therefore, to Send Our Fleets to Block up his Ports and Bombard his Harbors; Charge Our Armies to put his Dwellings to the Torch, to Slaughter his Livestock, and to Salt his Fields; to Subject such Adherents as you may Capture to Painful Inquisitions to Discover his Plans; and to Shrink from no other Course of Action that may Yield up a Speedy and an Honorable Decision.

GEORGE,
BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH,
ETC.

King Dick the First of Us/The Koronation ceremonies. The glory that was Rome, the grandeur that is grease. Ermine by DuPont, Krown by Alcan, sacred anointing oil by Esso. Every breathless moment of the Krown Down. 5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . do we have a king? We have a king!

Erin Go Boom!/Curvaceous cutie Bernadette Devlin (this month's Derry Queen) takes you on a tour of auld Ulster, land of shamrocks, shillelaghs, and shrapnel. Waterside, bogside, all around the town/The tots play ambush the bobby/London rule is falling down. It's a treat to beat your feet in the River Liffy peat. Up the Erse! (Rated B special.)

The Ballad of Mary Jo/Not Bobby, but a Gentry personage/Sings of Mary Jo Kopechne falling off the Chappaquiddick Bridge.

The Kissingamer Kids/Ja, ja! Zose phunny little phellows Hank 'n' Dick, alvays making mitt de chokes undt playing tricks on zhere olt Unkle Zam, undt Herr Inspector Brezhnev, you chust haff to laugh.

Plus: True Politics Magazine, Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Foto Funnies, and the entire electoral menagerie of Elephants, Donkeys, Pigs, Wasps, Coons, Running Dogs, and miscellaneous Turkeys. □



P8FT-1005 PKFT-1005

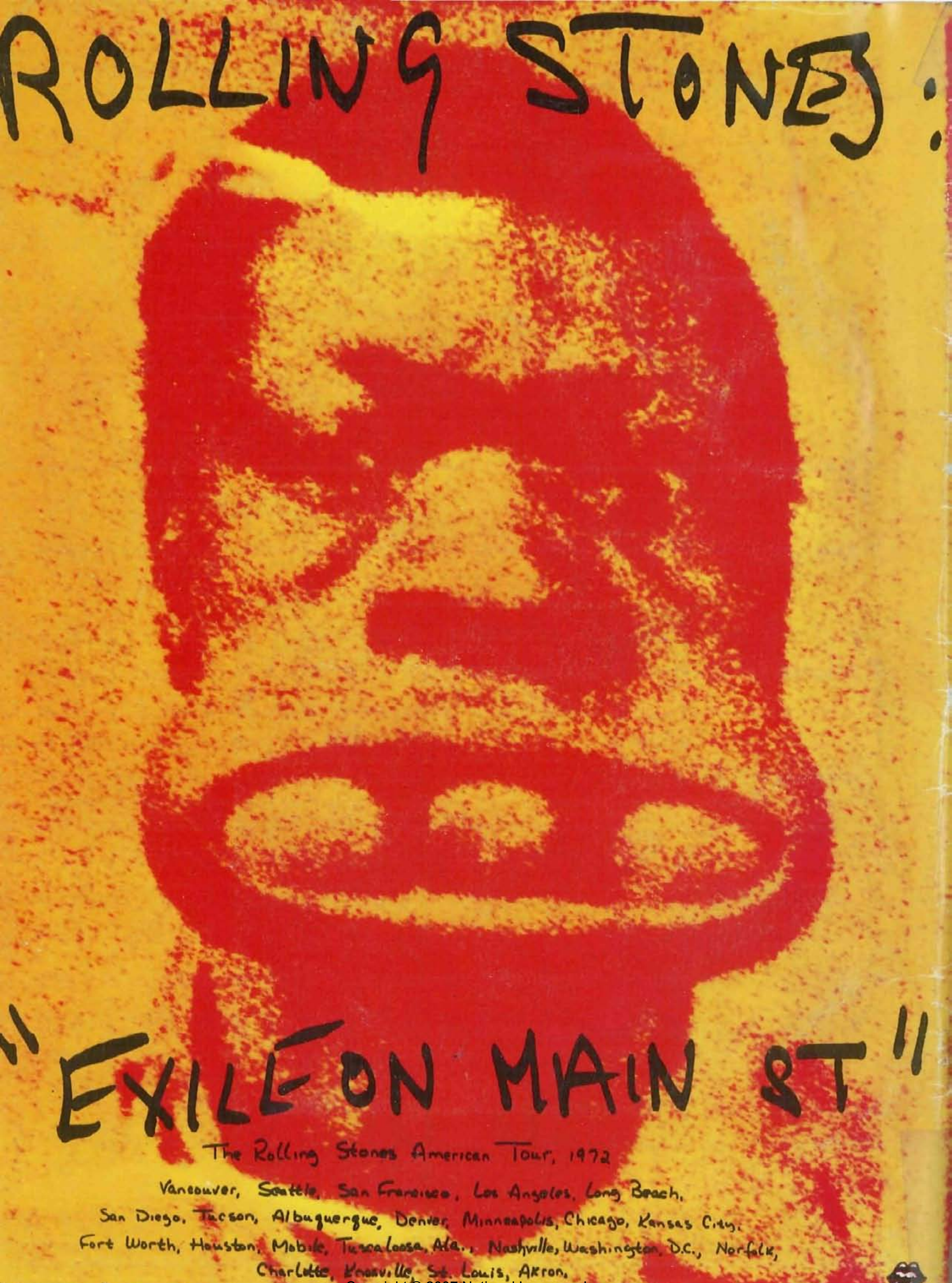
Jack Bonus plays saxophone and flute and was joined on his debut LP by some of San Francisco's finest new musicians.

Jack Bonus wrote all the songs, words and music; sang all the vocals, lead and background; and took care of the arranging and producing as well.

His new album is called "Jack Bonus." (FTR-1005). It's on Grunt Records and Tapes.

GRUNT RECORDS . TAPES

Manufactured and Distributed by RCA Records


ROLLING STONES:
"EXILE ON MAIN ST"
The Rolling Stones American Tour, 1972
Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Long Beach,
San Diego, Tucson, Albuquerque, Denver, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City,
Fort Worth, Houston, Mobile, Tuscaloosa, Ala., Nashville, Washington, D.C., Norfolk,
Charlotte, Knoxville, St. Louis, Akron,